

# FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

VOL. 1.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1898.

No. 5

## OFFICIAL DIRECTORY OF ALASKA.

FOLLOWING IS THE OFFICIAL DIRECTORY FOR THE DISTRICT OF ALASKA.

Governor: John G. Brady; private secretary: Mrs. Gertrude Knapp. U. S. Judge: C. S. Johnson. U. S. Attorney: Burton E. Bennett. Assistant District Attorney: Alfred J. Daly. District Clerk: Albert D. Elliott. Deputy Clerk: William D. McNair. U. S. Marshal: J. M. Shoup. Surveyor General: W. L. Distin. Register: John W. Dudley. Receiver: Russell Shelly. Court Interpreter: George Kostrometoff. Commissioners: C. W. Tuttle, Sitka; John Y. Ostrander, Juneau; K. M. Jackson, Fort Wrangel; L. R. Woodward, Unalakleet; Philip Gallagher, Kodiak; John U. Smith, Dyea; W. J. Jones, Circle City; Charles H. Isham, Unga. Deputy Marshals: W. A. McNair, Sitka; Edward S. Staley, Juneau; W. D. Grant, Fort Wrangel; J. McDonald, Douglas; Edward C. Hasey, Kodiak; Lewis L. Bowers, Unga; J. C. Blaine, Unalakleet; H. J. McInnis, Skagway; John Cuddehe, Circle City; Snook, Dyea. Deputy Internal Revenue Collector: W. C. Pedlar. Educational Agent: Sheldon Jackson. Assistant Agent: William Hamilton. Superintendent of Schools: W. A. Kelly. Postmistress: Sitka: Mrs. Archangelsky.

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Collector: J. W. Ives. Special Deputy: W. P. McElroy. Deputy and Inspector: Wm. Millmore and C. L. Andrews, Sitka. Deputy Collectors: Joseph Arment, Fort Wrangel; E. M. VanSlyke, Mary Island; W. G. Thomas, Kodiak; G. W. Cason, Cook Inlet; T. E. Holmes, Kachik; J. F. Smet, Unga; John P. Word, Unalakleet; E. T. Hatch, St. Michael; Chas. Smith, Circle City; John C. Tenny, Juneau. Inspectors at Juneau: Loring K. Adams, Harry Minto and John R. Audlin. Inspectors at Fort Wrangel: Edward Hoffstedt, S. L. Adams, Geo. J. Smith, E. L. Hunter, Wm. Deany. Inspectors at Afognak: J. S. Slater, S. F. Hodges, L. H. Lovejoy, Edgar Grim.

## M. J. Cochran,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

JACKSON BLOCK.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA. Will practice in all the courts of the state.

## C. O. Bates,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

OFFICE: JACKSON STREET.

Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

## Oscar C. Stone,

Attorney and Counselor at Law.

SECOND AVENUE.

Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

## A. G. McBride,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

Office with U. S. Deputy Marshal,

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

## DR. W. L. HARRISON

DENTIST

(With Dr. Campbell)

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

## FRED W. CARLYON

Watchmaker and Jeweler..

Has just moved into McKinnon block and will soon have a fine stock of jewelry.

Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing and Engraving a Specialty.

Remember the place

212 Front Street,

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C. E. Davidson

Webster Brown

## BROWN & DAVIDSON

CIVIL & MINING ENGINEERS

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649 FRONT ST.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA

## GOV. BRADY VISITS THE CITY

On His Way Home to Sitka from Washington, D. C.

### AN INTERESTING TALK

One of Alaska's Best Friends. John Fred Graham Catches an Eight-Foot Shark. After the Gold.

Gov. Brady, the chief executive of Alaska, was a passenger on the Alki last Wednesday. The boat remained in the city for some time and our people all had an opportunity of meeting him. Gov. Brady has lived in Alaska for about thirty years and we are safe in saying that the district never had a better friend. The people should be thankful to McKinley for giving us a governor who is so well informed of our wants and so zealous in demanding legislation to further her interests. We hope the time for sending carpet bag governors to Alaska has gone by.

Gov. Brady is more than fifty years of age, a little less than the average in height, well built and appears to be of robust health and possessed of a most vigorous constitution. He is a pleasant talker and uses the plainest language, but which impresses one as coming from a man of ability.

The News man was the first one to engage him in conversation. He knows many people here and all were eager to shake him by the hand, but nevertheless we succeeded in fighting the crowd off and completing our interview. "Governor, how did you find things at the national capital and what prospects are there for Alaska legislation?" asked the News man.

"Well, at present, everything is overshadowed by the war and during such times it is a difficult task to secure any legislation, however important. But I am inclined to believe that congress will do what is right. One great trouble is the eastern people know nothing of our country and then the fact that we produce no revenue is strongly against us."

"But," said the News man, "don't we pay some \$250,000 a year internal revenue license?"

"Yes," he replied, "we do contribute some in that way but how much I am just now unable to say."

In mentioning the subject of the civil political code, reported by the committee, the governor said he thought it would be passed by congress but not this session and that an increase of judges would also be a part of the Alaska legislation. Gov. Brady is a temperance man, but that is too mild, he is a prohibitionist, a real live prohibitionist, and a radical one too, but the Gov. never allows any single idea or belief to get the better of him and while he believes in temperance and prohibition, he knows that it is no good for Alaska. That prohibition has been such an utter and sorrowful failure that good sense and judgment will keep any one living here from advocating it. He has been quoted in other papers as being in favor of high license, and the News wants its readers correctly informed on all subjects, so that question was opened by asking the Gov. if he had been correctly quoted as being in favor of a high license.

"Yes," said the governor, "I am in favor of a high license for Alaska, but in doing so I am fighting some of my best friends, who don't understand us or our country. Prohibition has been thoroughly tried here and I do not hesitate to say that it is impracticable. I have explained this matter in Washington and if anything will prevent us from getting high license very soon, it will be on account of the coming congressional elections. Many congressmen who are in favor of a high license are afraid to vote for it on account of the prohibition element in their districts, and they are being overwhelmed with letters and literature from prohibitionists who are making a strong fight to keep us under our present law."

Gov. Brady also said that congress he thought would give us a delegate in congress soon, and that he saw nothing discouraging in the future for Alaska. The Gov. was accompanied east by his wife, but she remained and will return to Alaska later on. A bright, sweet faced little girl and a boy no less attractive, the governor's children, were with him. A large crowd had gathered around us by this time and our interview closed.

Mr. McKinnon, Capt. Wilson, Mr. Cochran and a number of other citizens then proceeded to have a talk with the governor. Mr. McKinnon don't lay claims to being an orator, but he acted as chief spokesman for Fort Wrangel, with reference to defending the city against the charge made against her people by collector Ivey, in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer of June 19th. He started in on a good lively gait and gradually warming up to his subject, he made the words "hum," metaphorically speaking.

"Why," said Mr. McKinnon, "the people of this town would never allow any man or set of men to draw a gun, or resist an officer of the United States and the charges made by Mr. Ivey about armed people threatening him or in any manner resisting him is untrue, absolutely untrue. I would go to his assistance myself with a gun before we would allow the government officials to be intimidated."

Capt. Willson and others addressed the governor to the same effect.

The governor listened attentively to all that was said and said that he would investigate these matters before making a report to the secretary of the treasury at Washington and requested that some action be taken to put the statements made into writing.

The governor then took a stroll around the town, meeting the people who all seemed glad to see and talk with him. At the military headquarters the guard "presented arms" in his honor.

Gov. Brady left on the Alki Thursday morning. We hope he will find it convenient to come to Fort Wrangel often, more frequently in the future than he has in the past.

### AN EIGHT-FOOT SHARK.

John Fred Graham the Hero of Fishermen.—A Land Bucket.—John Fred's Appetite.

Quite a crowd of men gathered on the water front down by the Mantel hotel last Friday evening. The irrepressible News man with note book and pencil was there. The men were encircled around a shark that was about eight feet long and weighed about 500 pounds. The monster had a rope tied around his tail, by which he had been dragged on to the dry rocks. The crowd talked and looked and looked and talked, but the history connected with the capture of his shark-ship could not be secured from anyone present. A superficial examination was made of the huge fish. "His gills or air valves are pretty close to his belly," said one. "Look at his mouth," said another, as the upper jaw was pulled up and showed an opening as large as the top of a water bucket. "Turn him over," said another and they rolled him over and the body shook and quivered so that it was apparent that life was not yet extinct. He was a dark blackish color and appeared to the News man as if he had recently had a good square meal, in fact he had a belly on him that suggested the idea that he might have been living in close proximity to a brewery. The News man was thirsting for the details concerning the capture, and made haste to find the man. "Everything comes to those who are willing to wait," and we were waiting, and of course the reward came.

"Here's the man who caught that shark, the man you are looking for," greeted the ears of the writer as he was getting close to the sidewalk on the street. These words came out of a cabin, and the writer made haste to get in. Three men were sitting at a table which contained a good spread. It was supper time.

"Where is the man that caught that shark?" asked the News man, and two of the men pointed toward John Fred Graham, who is in employ at the Warwick. John Fred was eating—feeding his face—as some would say.

The conversation of course was from this on directed to John Fred, and he was asked if he was fishing for shark.

"Oh! no," he said, "I was fishing for halibut."

We knew he was telling the truth, for no one possessed with an appetite, such as John Fred showed that he possessed, would ever fish for anything he couldn't get into his stomach. In fact, he was "putting away" the grub with a celerity of movement that was beautiful to behold, and if the other two men at the table hadn't known John Fred real well and governed themselves accordingly, they probably would have left the table hungry.

"Well," said the bold fisherman, "I was fishing for halibut, as I said, and the shark took the bait and the three inch hook got a good hold. Two men in a boat saw the fix I was in and they came to my aid, and we towed him into shallow water. I then went at him with a club and when I got through using it, he was probably not as dead as he is now, but dead enough to satisfy me until I got my supper. Catching and landing a shark of that size is exciting fun. I wish you could have seen it," and John Fred's eyes brightened up, showing plainly that he enjoys fun as much as any one.

Well, let's see what they are doing down at the water front. The crowd was still there. The occasion produced the man, and the man was holding a sharp knife in his hand and with the skill of a surgeon was dissecting the monster. You have heard so much of what is found in a shark's stomach that that organ was loudly called for. The alleged surgeon was after it. Whack would go his knife, and every cut brought the vision of the lookers-on nearer to that organ which is so much used, and yet abused by man. It is found, and what do you suppose it contained? Poor thing, no wonder that he bit at a nice, well baited hook. All that that shark's stomach contained was an empty three-pound lard bucket—nothing more—and the News man was satisfied to go. The shark is good for nothing. He will lie on the beach where the warm sun of the day will shine on him, and in a few days he will stink and shrivel, giving forth divers and sundry obnoxious odors to the utter disgust of the inhabitants of North Front street.

### After the Gold.

The Tonquin, a prospecting steamer, started out on a tour in search of gold last Saturday morning at 4 o'clock. She is owned by Dr. Holiday, Charles Poter and others. She is a fine boat, the best prospecting boat in Alaska, and takes a large force of men with her. We hope her owners will strike it rich.

## THE BRAVE BOYS IN BLUE.

Information Concerning the Life the Soldier Boys Lead.

### CO. H MAY NOT LEAVE.

A Talk with Capt. Eldridge. A Basin of Gold. Toward the Klondike.—The New Gold Discovery Near Lake Teslin.

Company H of the 14th U. S. infantry is still in the city and the boys are putting in their time as best they can. They have about concluded that they are here to stay and are fixing things up as comfortably for themselves as they can. They live in tents, some of which are round, others square. The means of entrance are through ordinary openings that are provided by the manufacturers, but some of the boys have improved on the old idea and have built little entrances out of lumber and hung doors. A kind of a family entrance, as it were. One of these tents has a sign on the door, which reads: "Orphant Home, See?" These entrances and doors are a great improvement and much more convenient than the opening generally used.

Capt. Eldridge is in command of the boys. He has been left without any lieutenants and his first sergeant is also gone. The Capt. finds Fort Wrangel oppressively quiet and orderly. He was sent here to maintain order, but thinks he is not needed for that purpose.

You ask what do the boys do? Well, they just loaf and fish. Sometimes a few go hunting. They do lots of reading, too, and then military discipline requires some little time from them. So little is known of the life of the soldier; that is, what is required of him while in camp, that the News man concluded to give a little of the inside life of the boys in blue to its readers and with that end in view, Capt. Eldridge was looked up and asked, for an interview on the subject. Of course the captain consented. Anybody that has ever met him knows he would. He is one of those kind, mild-mannered fellows that is liked by all who meet him, and is one of that class that when it comes to a "show-down," shows that nerve and bravery that has distinguished the American soldier the world over.

"Captain," said the interrogator, "I want you to tell the readers of the News a few things concerning life the soldier leads. Everybody knows he lives, moves, has a being, and will kill Spaniards, but the readers want to know something of that inner life that many think about and yet hear so little of and, commencing then, at the first foot of the bugle in the morning, what is the routine of camp life?"

"Well, at 5:45 o'clock in the morning we have the first bugle call, which is the first call for getting up, and at 5:55 a second call, which is designated as the reveille. This second call orders every soldier up and at 6 o'clock the bugle call is again sounded, at which time the soldiers fall into line and the roll is called. At 6:15 there is another call, which is named the breakfast call, at which time the boys eat their breakfast.

"At 7:15 the bugle sounds the sick call, at which time all those who are sick report at the hospital and are examined by the surgeon, and if unfit for duty, are kept at the hospital for treatment.

"At 7:30 there is fatigue call, at which time those who have been previously assigned to any special duties, such as cleaning up camp, etc., go on duty of such nature, whatever it may be.

"At 9 o'clock we have what is called guard mounting, which means that the men who were selected the previous day for guard duty take the places of those then on guard.

"At 11:30 we have what is called recall from fatigue, which indicates the end of the forenoon's work of the men who went to work in the morning, and at 11:45 the First Sergeant's or Orderly call is sounded, at which time the sergeant goes to the sergeant major's office at headquarters for the company morning report and for further orders of the day, which may be either in writing or oral.

"At 12 there is a dinner call sounded by the bugler.

"At 1 o'clock a fatigue call is sounded at which time the men called in by the 11:30 call go to work again.

"The next call occurs at 5 o'clock, which is a recall from fatigue duty, and at 5:30 the supper call.

"The next is drill call, at 6:20, at which time the boys are drilled by some of the company's officers until 7 o'clock at which time we have what is called a retreat roll call.

"At 9:30 the tattoo is sounded, which with us here only marks the time, but in a regular post would indicate that all lights must be extinguished not less than fifteen minutes later.

"We have a sentry on duty who is relieved every two hours. The men take turns in this guard duty according to the order in which their names appear on the roll.

"In regular garrison duty there is a call also sounded at 11 o'clock p. m. which is termed 'taps' and means that all lights must be put out, and all men not specially excused must be in the barracks."

We think this statement of Capt. Eldridge makes very plain the life and

duties of the soldier in camp life. Capt. Eldridge has been in the service for over 20 years. He is not a West Pointer, and was made a captain last September.

### A VAST BASIN OF PURE GOLD.

Millions of Tons of the Precious Metal Has Been Unearthed.

Has the "True Mother Lode" been found at last on American territory? Intelligence comes from Sitka that the facts concerning the wonderful Pande Basin have at last leaked out. The "Basin" is a wide canon, 600 feet deep, with the exposed end of a gigantic glacier at its head, and a landslide dam a mile below.

The glacier, moving with slow, but irresistible force, has been, through countless ages, grinding, like a stupendous "arrasta," surfaces of quartz filled with gold and pushing the detritus into this basin, which is now full.

No such conditions exist anywhere else in the world. This vast deposit of gold bearing gravel contains more than 100,000,000 tons. Exhaustive assays of the gravel selected by General Wiley, former chief of Geological Survey, of California, from many points, at depths varying from 5 to 25 feet, show an average yield of \$300 gold to the ton.

Deeper down it is undoubtedly richer. These figures show that its gold contents exceed the coined gold in the world today, eclipsing all the Klondike expectations.

It is reported that the property has been entrusted to Maurice L. Muhleman, of the United States Sub-Treasury at New York, the eminent authority on finance, whose name is favorably known to every banker in the world.

### TOWARD THE KLONDIKE.

L. S. Humes, the Son of Mayor Humes, Passes Through the City.

The Farallon on her trip up last week had as one of her passengers Mr. L. S. Humes, the oldest son of Mayor Humes of Seattle. He is on his way to Dawson. Away from home, Humes seems unusually mild and bland, but as we knew him in Seattle, he was one of the liveliest boys in the city, full of life and energy. The News man saw Mr. Humes and "hello!" said he. "Hello!" said the News man, and after the usual exchange of greeting, the writer led the young man to a safe and secluded spot and worked him for the news.

"Seattle is not as lively as it was, for the war has in part paralyzed business. The chief attraction in the town continues to be the bulletin boards for the latest war news. 'No, there is nothing new or startling there.' There is quite a little figuring done in politics, but that is behind closed doors and does not reach the general public."

"Where are you bound for?" was asked.

"To Dawson, of course. This is my third trip in and I am going to see what that claim on Hunker creek has done for me. I have had some men at work on it since last Sept. The claims above and also below mine have turned out all right, and I guess mine is all right."

Mr. Humes, in speaking further concerning the trip, said that he did not dread the trip in, that going over the route once or twice was of great benefit to a man. He is coming out this fall by way of St. Michaels and will spend the winter in Seattle. We hope his claim in the Klondike may prove more valuable than he expects it to be and that he will return to his former home a rich young man.

### \$37,000 TO THE PAN.

New Discovery Reported Near Lake Teslin. Rich Diggings Found on the Hootalinqua.

Special to the Vancouver, B. C. Times, June 24, says: William Abbott, a passenger on the Tartar, has a startling story to tell, which is calculated to make more men brave the dangers of the terrible northern trails. He says:

"Myself and nine other Klondikers from Michigan have struck pay dirt up at the new diggings averaging \$37 to the pan. I went as far as Klondike two years ago, but was too late to make any big stake. I was returning home and got as far as Skagway when I met the nine gold hunters mentioned coming into the country. I joined them and we penetrated the country via the Skagway trail as far as Pelly River, prospecting along the Pelly and Hootalinqua. For two months we had no success, and were returning in disgust when we sighted a likely-looking gulch on the Hootalinqua. Before we were down two feet we washed the frozen dirt, which went from \$4 to \$5 to the pan. We knew then we had struck it rich, and pitched our tents and went to work in earnest. The richness of the pans increased in value until hardpan was reached, when they averaged \$37 to the pan. They are summer diggings. In the short season I worked I cleaned up \$15,000, but most of my nine partners cleaned up more than this and are still at it. The aggregate amount cleaned up will amount to about \$200,000. The locality, of course, I can only speak of generally, as between fifty and one hundred miles north of Lake Teslin.

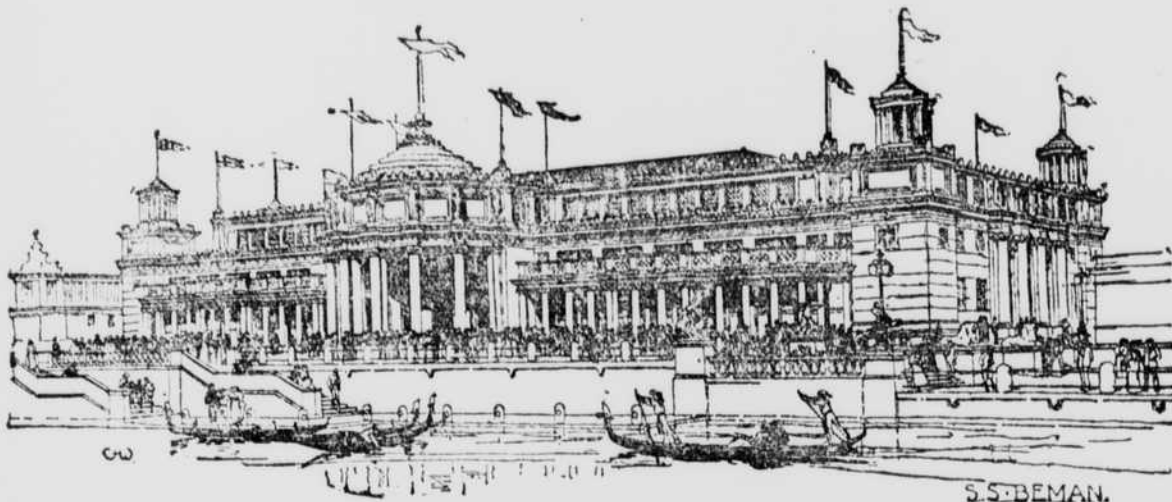
"I am home to secure two years' supplies for the party, and as I am only allowed to stake one claim, to take three friends back with me. To prevent trailers I have not told a soul about the enormous strike till now, the eve of my return."

Abbott was formerly a logger here. He is a respected Vancouver citizen, and has a reputation for veracity and reliability.



# ARCHITECTURAL SPLENDOR.

At the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition at Omaha From June to November of This Year  
Will Be Seen Many Artistic Decorations, Beautiful Landscapes and  
Famous Bits of Statuary and Paintings.



MINES AND MINING BUILDING.

The Greek Ionic style of architecture characterizes the mines building. The order is of heroic proportions, carried out with great artistic care in every detail. The principal feature of the lagoon facade is a circular dome 150 feet in circumference, rising to a height of 75 feet. The dome is supported on a circular row of fluted Ionic columns, and the space enclosed by them and under the dome is open, forming a grand, open, domed vestibule for an approach to the building. The inner dome is richly designed with ribs and panels and is to be decorated in colors, while the outer is formed by a series of

steps rising in the form of a cone to apex, which is crowned by a richly decorated base for a flagstaff. The outer row of dome columns is detached and the entablature is broken around them at the base of the dome, and over each column is a statue and pedestal having as a background the stylized of the dome. This treatment is very monumental in effect, and while in good taste and harmonious with the architectural style it is at the same time original and interesting. Over the doorway leading from this vestibule into the building are three large panels between the pillars to receive paintings which will be emblematical of the

character of the exhibits. Flanking the entire dome are beautiful Ionic colonnades which form covered ways along the entire facade, stopping at the corner towers. Over these colonnades are balconies capable of holding large numbers of people and opening from the interior galleries of the building, affording a fine point from which to obtain an elevated view of the lagoon and the beauties of the grand court. The four corners of the building are marked by square plain towers surmounted by ornate, open, columned pavilions, circular in form and to serve for electric lighting. The building was designed by S. S. Beman of Chicago.

## A VERITABLE DREAM CITY.

Nothing Beneath the Sky Is Unworthy of the Artist's Attention.

The exterior decoration of the buildings at the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition, to be held in Omaha, promises to be both unique and attractive. While the individual buildings will show in their decorations some approach to modern ideas, the statues adorning the grounds will be exact copies of the famous figures of antique art. The stately figure of the Venus de Medici, an Apollo or a Faun, will lighten the grounds with their classic beauty and this delightful mode of reproducing the antique will prove not only the most beautiful that can be conceived, but, as well, the most instructive. With the natural advantages in landscape gardening that are possessed by the grounds, the lake, the sloping bluff tract, with the river so many feet beneath—the emerald turf and the superabundance of nature's fairest flowers—all these, together with the imposing bits of statuary that will dot the grounds, should make it a veritable garden of the gods.

The primary theory that will be demonstrated in the decoration of each building is that the statuary, the relief and decorative work generally will be symbolical of the exhibits contained therein. Nothing beneath the sky is unworthy of the artist's attention. Beauty is everywhere, in everything, if our genius but lead us to seek for it.

Perhaps the most unusual of all the designs in decorating to be seen is that which adorns the electricity building. The general architectural plan of this structure is one of classic simplicity, though the decoration shows a happy blending of modern ideas. All the cresting, scroll work, ornaments and spandrels are suggestive of machinery and the science of electricity. Clever designs in cog wheels are seen about the cornices and an heroic figure piece of "Man Controlling the Forces of Nature" is placed above the spacious entrance. The first group shows "the struggle," and an immense American lion is seen fiercely wrestling with two female figures of colossal size. The second group shows "the victory," the upright figure of man, triumphant, one foot resting on the prone figure of the defeated enemy, while the third and largest group—which will occupy the central position immediately over the entrance—typified "The Supremacy of Man"—for here in an immense chariot is the triumphant victor, driving with reins drawn taut, his now docile and obedient steeds—five great lions. The figures are all full of strength and life and promise to form a fitting adornment for a beautiful building.

The decorations which will enhance the agricultural building are not less attractive. This great building is, in its immensity a fit garner house for this, the granary of the world. It is finished in ivory, but garlands of flowers and festoons of cereals are thrown into bold relief by being finished in their natural hues. Medallion ornaments of barnyard fowls are placed at intervals, while larger medallions of our nation's representative bird—the eagle—will also appear in connection with the ornamentation. On either side of the great main entrance are figures taken from Millet's famous paintings, the "Plough" and the "Sower." Immedi-

ately above the grand doorway is an immense panel decorated with a gigantic bull's head, gracefully festooned on either side with the fruits of all seasons. The central figure crowning the whole composition will represent "Prosperity" supported by the figures of "Labor" and "Industry." These are colossal groups of statuary and will fittingly adorn this beautiful building.

One of the best and most striking statues which has been designed for the exposition is the figure of "Fame," which will be repeated about nine times in the decoration of the Art building. It is the winged draped figure of a woman, a palm branch in each outstretched hand, with something divinely free and full of life in the erect figure and upturned face. The art building, which is well nigh finished, will be one of the most artistic on the grounds, and perhaps one of the best in its adaptability to its purpose, that has ever been constructed. It is in the form of two Greek crosses, joined, with a court between. The galleries which run around the interior of these twin buildings afford unequalled facilities for gaining the requisite amount of light and shade. One of these buildings will be devoted to the oil paintings, while the other will contain the water colors, black and whites, prints, etc. No picture will be hung higher than 10 feet. In the court will be found replica of the most famous statuary, ancient and modern. At the bases of the flagstaffs groups of cupids and eagles are seen, while a figured frieze, five feet high, which surrounds the building, will add to its unique beauty by being artistically colored.

One of the daintiest and most beautiful architectural conceits on the grounds is the administration building, with its slender pinnacle and graceful arch. It is decorated with symbolic statuary and forms one of the most beautiful pictures in the main tract. Immediately across the lake is the arch of the states, the grand central entrance to the grounds. This is composed of 24 successive layers of stone, each course representing some trans-Mississippi state or territory. Above the arch appears a series of stone tablets upon which are pictured the coats-of-arms of the 23 states in colored faience.

The Zolnay fountain, which will be situated in the lake which widens into trefol and is well called "The Mirror," with the great government buildings in front, the sweeping colonnades encircling it on either side, and the gushing fountain in the center—will form one of the prettiest bits of scenic effect on the grounds.

The numerous colonnades which connect the buildings is a feature both original and artistic. They will form one almost continuous shaded walk, where one may make the entire round of the principal buildings and yet be sheltered from the rays of the sun.

The color scheme, too, is an unusual feature which should not be overlooked when discussing the exterior decoration. While the general tone of the buildings will be that of old ivory, it is the intention to finish one-third the height of the colonnades—as well as about the cornices, doorways and windows—in full Pompeian colors.

There will be other novelties in infinite variety and, altogether, they promise to make the Trans-Mississippi Exposition one of the most beautiful and attractive that has ever been held anywhere. **ELSIE REASONER.**

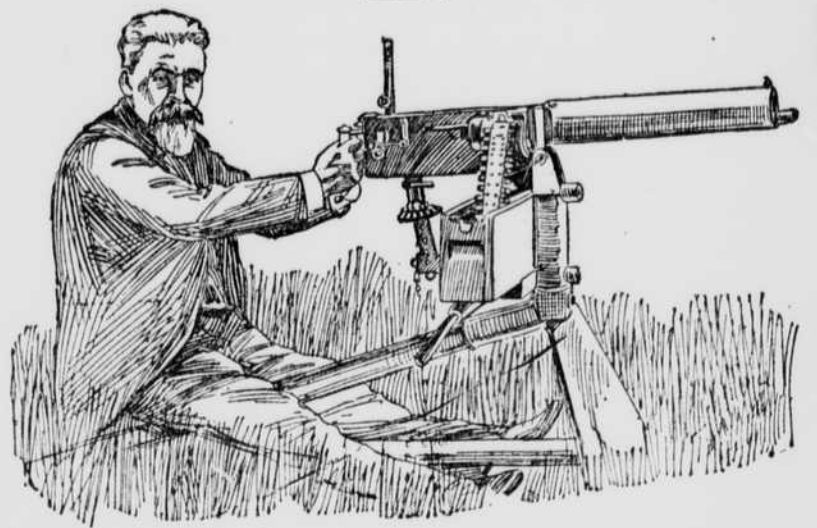
## IN THE DEPTHS OF HADES.

The Prototype of Regions Infernal to Be Shown on the Midway.

When the conversation turns upon the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, some one is sure to ask, "And will there be a Midway?" and then reminiscences will be the order of the hour, and again you will see the red fez of the Turks, the bewitching smile of the Parisian coquette, the haughty glance from the dark-eyed houri of the Orient, the seductive dances of the Spanish señoritas, the slow revolving of the massive Ferris wheel, the little nooks from the other corners of the earth, the swaying, sleepy camels with their loads of laughing, living freight, the queer meals with egg-shell china and chopsticks served by a shy, dainty bit of Occidental beauty; again you can hear the musical songs of unknown tongues—the monotonous chant of ceremonies in strange religions, the lusty call of the "Orangeade" boy, the enticing shouts of the fakirs, the growling of savage beasts whose tricks are almost human, the hum of thousands of voices, the laughter from thousands of throats—and all the rest that went to make up that ever-changing kaleidoscope of strange voices, strange people and strange sights. We had never thought to see its like again, but, after all, there was nothing that could not be duplicated and, if one may judge from the extensive preparations that are under way, we shall see in Omaha, not only a reproduction of the most interesting features of the Midway, but many novel ones and—breathe it gently—minus the humbug and fake features which were at once the bane and the characteristic of the Midway Plaisance.

If one has any curiosity as to their ultimate destination after this life, they have but to enter a novel building which represents one of the Egyptian pyramids and is called "Night and Morning." This building is 140 feet square and 100 feet high, and in this space there is warranted to be crowded sufficient celestial joys and awful terrors as to make a trip through it one to be never forgotten. On entering, one is immediately lost in a labyrinth which represents the journey of life from the cradle to the grave, and whether one walks quietly along through pleasant paths with delightful views, or becomes lost in dark byways in the midst of terrible scenes, depends entirely upon chance. When at last he has reached the end of the labyrinth he is confronted by a winding flight of golden stairs, which will lead him straight to the Elysian fields, and on his left he will see an elevator which plunges him down to the lower regions. It will be a safe guess to reason that the visitor will take the elevator first, and after descending 200 feet he will find himself in an exact duplicate of Dante's Inferno, with all of Dore's horrible pictures realistically reproduced. In the cafe he will find coffins transformed into tables, widows and orphans in gloomy weeds who are enacting the parts of waitresses, the menus printed in white on black cards, and all the symbolic gloominess that goes to make up the infernal regions. If, on the other hand, the visitor prefers a "Heavenly" meal, he has but to ascend the golden stairs, to be ushered into a beautiful room, hung with satin draperies of white rose color, to find the tables of golden harps, the waitresses white-robed angels with wings and everything lovely.

## MAXIM AND HIS FAMOUS GUN.



## INDIAN SWEAT BATHS.

Natives of British Columbia Parboil Themselves.

The N'ha-Kapmuh Indians of the interior of British Columbia have sweathouses and indulge in a treat somewhat similar to our Turkish bath.

By the side of streams of melted snow, at some distance from the village, among the pines and firs, are two curious structures. One is made of small poles set up like the roof of a house. These are covered with fir boughs, and finally with earth, the door, facing the setting sun, has a blanket hanging over it. Within, on the south side, is a circular hole (in the ground) about two feet in diameter and one foot deep, filled with burned and cracked stones. The remainder of the floor is covered deep with a soft bed of fir twigs. In front of the door one will see traces of a good-sized fire, and many stones, both those that have been burned and blackened in the fire and those brought near, but still unused. This is the men's sweathouse, or part of the bathing outfit of the village.

The other structure is similar to this in essentials, but at this particular village it is not covered with soil. It is roofed with blanket mats or skins when in use. This is the sweathouse for the women.

When the N'ha-Kapmuh wants to take a bath he builds a fire and heats a number of stones. These he rolls into the hole in the floor of the village sweat

all business transactions were ratified by it, and as in those days locks and keys had not long been invented, the stores and valuables of many houses were still kept strictly under the seal of the owner. It was a felony to make two signets alike, and hence in the gems of the ancients we have the most marvelous compendium of their customs, manners and beliefs. We may hence be pretty confident that the house belonged to Aulus Vettius.—Scribner's.

## Dad's Old Breeches.

When dad has worn his trousers out, They pass to brother John, Then mother trims them round about, And William puts them on.

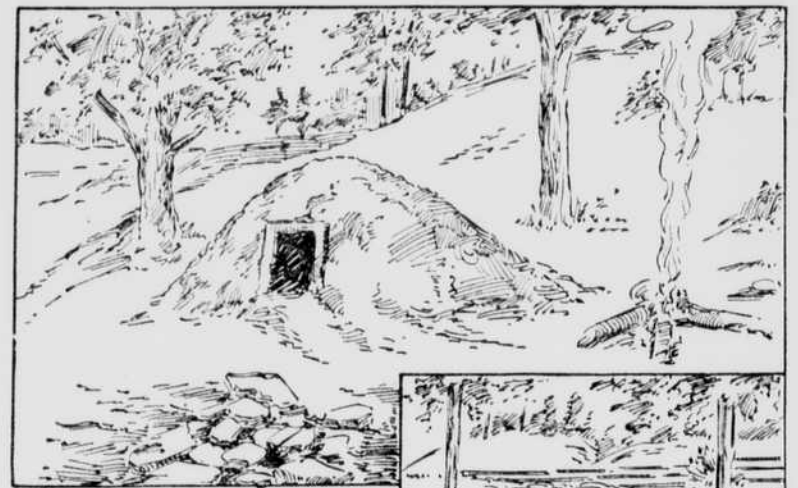
When William's legs too long have grown, The trousers fail to hide 'em, So Walter claims them for his own And stows himself inside 'em.

Next Sam's fat legs they close invest, And, when they won't stretch tighter, They're turned and shortened, washed and pressed, And fixed on me—the writer.

Ma works them into rugs and caps When I have burst the stitches, At doomsday we shall see (perhaps) The last of dad's old breeches, —New York Weekly.

## Italian Marriage Brokers.

In Genoa there are regular marriage brokers who have lists of marriageable girls of the different classes with notes of their personal attractions, fortunes



house. He then enters, closes the door with his blanket, and reclines on the new bed of fir boughs. Here he lies until in the close small hut, with no opening for ventilation, and close to the roasted rocks, he perspires as freely as do the stokers in the hold of an ocean liner. He then rushes from the house and leaps into the melted snow of the mountain torrent. Returning to the sweathouse, he repeats the operation until satisfied that every pore of his skin has been cleansed by this vigorous treatment.

These Indians say they take this bath about once a month, and one may well imagine that that is sufficient, for it is not hard to believe that the absence of sick people at the village is due to this trying custom.

## LATEST POMPEIIAN DISCOVERY.

Evidences of the Ancient Roman Waterworks Again Found.

The house of Vettius has two entrances, the principal one facing the east and opening to the street which led to the city gate, and a side entrance which is directly opposite to the modern wooden port-house erected to protect the ancient Roman water pipes, which branch off here in many directions. Most visitors will remember this curious illustration of ancient water works, the earliest and most complete that are known to us, and by the help of the description we have given should have no difficulty in locating the house. The building obtained its name from three signets found in the atrium, one of which bore the legend A. Vettii Conviae, which may be interpreted "Of, belonging to, A. Vettii Conviae," the second, A. Vettii Restituti, or "The property of A. Vettii Restitutus," and the third, which was a bronze ring, and bore the latter AVCo, evidently an abbreviation of the first signet. Besides these there were three engraved stones having the respective ornaments of an amphora, an ivy leaf, and the caduceus of Mercury. In Roman times a man's signet was the most important of his possessions. It served the purpose of a signature, for



TURKISH BATH OF INDIANS.

and circumstances. These brokers go about endeavoring to arrange connections in the same off-hand way that they would a merchandise transaction. Marriages there are more often a simple matter of business calculation, generally settled by the relatives, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen each other. It is only when everything has been arranged and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony that the future husband is introduced to his intended wife. Should he find fault with her manners and appearance he may annul the contract on condition of defraying the brokerage and any other expenses incurred.

## Indian Sharpshooters.

"Ojibway Joe," the Chippewa chief, who died in Superior, Wis., the other day, is said to have killed more North-erners than any other man in the Confederate armies. He was a sharpshooter, having joined the Confederacy because of a personal grievance against the Federal Government.

The Uncle—Are you entirely satisfied with your lot? The Niece (still angry at her grandfather's will)—No, I'm not. It ought to have a house on it.—Hale's Life.

Cloves often savor of the spice of wickedness.





Uncle Sam Says: This is America's Greatest Spring Medicine. Take it Now to Sharpen Your Appetite, Vitalize Your Blood, To Overcome That Tired Feeling. Go to your druggist and get a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and begin to take it today, and realize at once the great good it is sure to do you.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Spring Medicine.

**Cigars of Paper.**  
A German chemist announces that he has discovered a method of making cigars, without the use of tobacco. He proposes that people shall smoke paper instead of nicotine, but it is a paper which has been previously soaked in a preparation, of which he is the inventor, which will give the smoker precisely the same sensation as though he were smoking "real" tobacco. He declares that his formula will give forth an aroma equal to that which perfumes the air when a fine cigar is smoked.

### SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for chilblains, sweating, damp, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 10,000 testimonials of cures. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. 10¢ a box for 25¢ in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A nugget was found in Siberia recently containing 74 pounds of gold.

**FITS** Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 930 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me. Wm. B. McCallan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1895.

More than a third of the French crown jewels have been bought by Americans.

After being swindled by all others, send no stamp for particulars of King Solomon's Treasure, the ONLY, powerful, of nearly strength, MASSO'S CHEMICAL CO., P. O. Box 747, Philadelphia, Pa.



## ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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Watts—Bixley is a sad wag. Potts—Especially when none will laugh at his jokes.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Harry, do you love your little baby brother?" "What's the use? He wouldn't know it if I did."—Tit-Bits.

An Exceptional Case.—"He's very timid, is he not?" "Very. Why, he's so timid that he's scared by his own shadow."—Puck.

After the Battle.—He: Then I go—and forever. She: Very well! But don't call to-morrow evening; for I shan't be in.—Life.

"It doesn't do any good to scold the janitor about our cold rooms." "Yes, it does. I get all warmed up when I talk to him."—Chicago News.

She—I like your impudence. I haven't reached the bargain counter yet. He—You would be a bargain on any counter.—Harper's Bazaar.

"I have just taken my newly graduated grandson into business with me." "How are you getting on with him?" "Well, I seem to please him."—Life.

Johnny—Is a jingo a man who would like to make war on all foreigners? Papa—Yes, my son; and he would prefer to talk the enemy to death.—Puck.

He—Do you know when you get a bad coin? She—Certainly I do. "How do you know?" "Why, the man I offer it to refuses to take it."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Pointed Inquiry.—Stern Father—Henry, have you and your new watch parted company already? Henry (dejectedly)—Broke. Father—Which?—Jeweler's Weekly.

Useless Advice.—Wiggles—My physician has ordered me never to take active exercise after a hearty meal. Waggles—Well, what of it? Wiggles—I board.—Somerville Journal.

Ethel—Why didn't you attend Prof. Dump's lecture on the "Cycles of Time?" It was very interesting. Maude—The subject of the lecture was embarrassing to me. You know, dear, I bought my wheel on the installment plan.—Pittsburg Press.

She—Don't you think Mrs. Wapsley is a beautiful woman? He—She is a beautiful woman—the most beautiful woman, I think, that I have ever seen. She rather he has gone—I wonder if he has always been such a fool, or whether it has just begun to grow on him lately.—Cleveland Leader.

Cholly—Maud has to wear glasses; the oculist says she has been using her eyes too much. Charlie—I should say so! You ought to have seen her at the dance the other night; she was just surrounded by men all the time.—Harper's Bazaar.

She—Ah, count, you don't know how my love for you distresses my parents! I heard my father say this morning that he would give \$50,000 if I could never see you again. The Count—For your father in his office now, you sink?—Chicago News.

Little Tompkins—That fellow Brown tried to stuff me up with some of his travelers' tales the other day. Talked about his trip to Italy, and the waving fields of macaroni, but he didn't catch me, you know. They don't wave.—Punch.

Parson—Ah, my friend, rum brought you here, of course! I, too, used to drink, but for ten years not a drop of liquor has passed my lips.—Convict—Sense me, pard, but I don't want to hear no hard-luck story now. I've got troubles of my own.—Life.

Anxious Mother—I think you should interfere, Edward. There is young Stumps sitting for the last half-hour with Mabel, holding her hand. You know that he's not in a position to marry. Father (complacently)—True; but let him hold her hand, Martha; it will keep her from the piano!—Exchange.

Restful Rogers (ringing suburbanite's door-bell at 1 a. m.)—Sense me, pard—but me and Frosty Fagles is a-tryin' ter sleep out in your barn, and wouldn't yer be kind enough ter chloroform dat kid, or put him under a tub, or do suthin' to 'im ter make 'im stop yellin' so infernal loud?—Puck.

Mrs. Snillax—Henry, I really believe Freddy is going to be a doctor when he grows up. I heard him tell Mary that she must be careful of her health, and that pie was considered hurtful. Mr. Snillax—It looks to me as though he is more likely to become a lawyer. I noticed that he had two pieces of pie at supper last evening.—Boston Transcript.

The lecturer on health had finished his discourse and invited his auditors to ask any questions they chose concerning points that might seem to need clearing up, when a lean, skinny man rose up and asked: "Professor, what do you do when you can't sleep at night?" "I usually stay awake," replied the lecturer, "although, of course, everybody should feel at liberty to do otherwise if he chooses. Are there any other questions?"—Chicago Tribune.

**Insuring German Workmen.**  
Under the laws which compel both German employers and employees to contribute to sick funds, accident funds and funds for the aged and incapacitated, about \$300,000,000 have been paid during the last decade to 25,000,000 employees. The sums paid in during that period amounted to \$460,000,000, of which the masters contributed \$240,000,000 and the men \$220,000,000. Many large firms have also private pensions and other funds to which they contribute liberally, and profit-sharing prevails to some extent.

**FABULOUS WEALTH.**  
The "incalculable mineral wealth" of newly found mining regions largely run by syndicates and promoted by transportation companies is in many instances really a fable. The products of the industry in legitimate fields are not so numerous as the far-sighted and promiscuous searchers would have you believe. No one will go unwarded in the matter of improved health who uses regularly Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for malaria, dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, etc.

In the jungles of Sumatra the largest spiders are found. Some of the largest specimens measure eight inches across the back and have 17 inches of leg spread.

**AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.**  
We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark. I, Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look carefully at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.  
March 8, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

Glass bricks are in extensive use abroad. They are blown with a hollow center containing rarefied air, and are said to be as strong and durable as clay bricks, while freely admitting the light.

London has 1,380 miles of streets; Paris 600 miles and New York 575 miles.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Each Family Pack the best.

The most ancient coin in Europe, the ducaet, was first struck in the mint of Venice in the year 1284. The building is still in existence.

### HOME PRODUCTS AND FINE FOOD.

All Eastern Symps, so-called, usually very light colored and of heavy body, is made from sugar. "The better group" is made from sugar and is strictly pure. It is for sale in business centers, in cities and towns. Manufactured by the Pacific Coast Symp Co. Address: 1015 Broadway, New York. The name is inscribed on every can.

The exports of locomotives in 1897 were three times greater than eight years ago.

As the spring cleanses your system by using Dr. Plummer's Oregon Blood Purifier.

The Chinese dictionary, compiled by Pao-tsi-shi, 1,100 B. C., is the most ancient of any recorded in literary history.

### A LETTER TO WOMEN.

A few words from Mrs. Smith, of Philadelphia, will certainly corroborate the claim that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is woman's ever reliable friend.

"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly.

"For nine weeks I was in bed suffering with inflammation and excruciating pain in the ovaries. I had a discharge all the time. When lying down all the time, I felt quite comfortable; but as soon as I would put my feet on the floor, the pains would come back.

"Every one thought it was impossible for me to get well. I was paying \$1 per day for doctor's visits and 75 cents a day for medicine. I made up my mind to try Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has effected a complete cure for me, and I have all the faith in the world in it. What a blessing to woman it is!"—Mrs. JENNIE L. SMITH, No. 324 Kauffman St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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To inspire confidence in our remedies, we will mail, closely sealed, a regular full month's treatment, 100 doses, of PARIS VITAL SPARKS, for 48 cents. This entire offer is an honest one from start to finish. No deception, means exactly what it says, and is made by a responsible and wealthy Medical Company, who believe in doing as they would like to be done by, and who can refer to the leading and largest banks at home and all newspapers in which this advertisement appears. You cannot get something for nothing. Avoid all so-called free cures. No one can pay for advertising medicines and live and cure you free. Every offer of this kind is a trap. When discouraged, try our PARIS VITAL SPARKS. Our offer gives you Three Dollars' good value. If in need of treatment, for only 48 cents. We make no money when we send a full month's treatment, 100 doses, a three-dollar package, for only 48 cents; stamps, but our Paris Vital Sparks are so reliable, so effectual, that we always make many other customers at full prices through your certain cure.

Just as soon as you commence to take PARIS VITAL SPARKS, just so soon will you commence to feel yourself a man made over. Why not try today, or at least cut this out?

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Editors and Publishers.

CHAS. A. HOPP, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1898.

### THE ANNEXATION OF HAWAII.

The house of representatives very promptly passed the resolution for the annexation of Hawaii, but in the senate it is meeting with vigorous opposition. The fight for or against it is not waged on party lines and some of its strongest supporters can be found in the democratic ranks. White of California, a democrat, and Pettigrew, of Montana, a republican are its strongest opponents. They have, however, we believe, failed to convince but very few that annexation should not take place, and to us it seems that opposition at this time, shows a lack of patriotism.

On the 25th ult. the debate was unusually lively. Morgan, of Alabama, one of the ablest men in the senate, couldn't hold himself down any longer, and he cut loose on the filibusterers. He touched a vital spot, which was evidenced by the reply from some of the senators who have been delaying a vote on the question.

Senator Morgan said:  
"It is the duty of the senate to take action upon this great and solemn question. The American people are in no mood to be trifled with about it."

"We are representing here men who are shedding their blood for us, and instead of consulting our convenience and pleasure we should be giving them our earnest support. If the members of the senate had to go out to defend the capital tonight and were obliged to stand guard we would have more patriotism than some are manifesting here. By our delay in taking action we are placing enormous burdens upon the president. Such conduct is absolutely indefensible. By endeavoring to consummate a political trick unworthy of the senate we are failing of patriotic duty. When you return to your constituents, to the fathers whose sons are now in the Philippine islands, they will know of this trick, and they will spurn you."

The majority in favor of the resolution is large and by the time this paper is issued, we doubt not, Hawaii has been made a part of the greatest government in the world.

### THE NATIONAL SPIRIT.

We have just acquitted ourselves of our commemorative day, by which token we have shown by suited shows of bunting and the resounding crackers that we are a country-loving people. As the long procession of years glide on, the loud hoanna fades into a milder vehemence until as we contemplate this natal day we find ourselves seeking up-to-date diversions far removed from the enthusiasm of the past.

What, are we not then a patriotic people? Yes and no! If we are to judge the loyalty of the citizens of a state by marches and counter marches of men arrayed in tinsel, the tooting of horns, the boom of cannon and the florid oration, then we are fast, thank God, ceasing to be patriots. If as a business pursuing race we have grown into the orderly habits of peace, with its soft alluring pleasures to divert us from the violence of war, then we may be adjudged a not aggressive race. To our credit let us admit the last impeachment. War is the result of an ill-ordered society of nations. If even justice in their several relations could be the balancing rule of adjustment of their differences they would be settled in amity and peace. If greed was not the inspiring motive of most men and most nations, fewer hatreds would be engendered and all men might follow the even tenor of their way undebled by the blood of those unfortunates whom an immaterial necessity impel to the uses of violence and the employment of the refined machinery of death. As it stands, a well-fitted army is more capable of slaughter, man for man, than ever before. The wonder is so large a percentage survive a modern battle. In spite of the hazards referred to, we find when a state launches into war that the best blood of our country are eager to accept the risks and offer their individual sacrifice upon the altar of patriotism. We find a medley of occupations represented in our army ranks, many from the counting room, used to the luxuries of life associated with those physically seasoned men whose lives have been spent among hazards and privations. As a species probably, taking them as a class, a man is the bravest thing on earth. The more intelligent he is the more effective is he as a fighter. As a government we have shown forbearance and often have submitted to diplomatic deceptions, enuendo and wounded sensibilities rather than plunge into a conflict involving the shedding of blood. This spirit shows the character of our people. Justice-loving, fair, considerate, calm and disinclined to violent sentiments. These are the constituents of a grand race. Ruled by the higher spirit, uninfluenced by fear, despising dishonest methods, generous towards the weak—the fruit of refinements, of the school house, of respect for order, for women and the home. It has of late years been moot-

ed that we as a people were drawing away from national attachment and becoming indifferent to national ties. This war is showing the error of such an opinion. It shows conspicuously that we have become weary of claptrap and the perpetuation of a vain glorifying jubilation which should have died out fifty years ago. We are a free people but nevertheless, subject to conditions which hold us in a bond that ere long must be broken or we shall cease to be a free people. There are powers ruling the chief interests of the world today more powerful than great armies, which threaten the well being of millions upon millions of people. The true victory will come, if at all, from the great honest mass of the people when by a united ballot they send honest men to the legislative halls of the country to enact laws competent to control the aggressions and delinquencies of the very rich, corporate or personal. Let us therefore not despair that we are not prone to noisy shows and vain glorifying self-worship, but that we are fast becoming a sturdy, steadfast people governed by a love of justice, finding no pleasure in the commemoration of past victories won, but ever ready to stand or fall for what is right.

### PROF. PORTER.

Disgraces Himself and Humiliates His Friends,  
Left for Parts Unknown Last Saturday.

Prof. W. H. Porter resided in Fort Wrangel for the past eight months and during that time made many friends in both social and business circles. He was elected secretary of the chamber of commerce and was formerly secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of this city. He took a prominent part in all church matters, and possessing a good musical education, he led the singing in church and public entertainments. Dr. Thwing was a warm friend to Porter, and in fact he was generally esteemed and respected. He was from New Jersey, where he at one time conducted a successful real estate business, but went down during the hard times of 1896-7.

Some time ago, a little less than two months, Prof. Porter opened up a grocery business in the Cagle building on North Front street and associated in business with him Andrew J. Barrett, formerly of Seattle. He did what we supposed to be a fair business, but do not think that he made more than expenses, probably not as well as that. But the business went on and the Prof. to the outside world appeared happy and contented. The Prof. is fond of the water. He loves a boat. He wanted to follow a sea-faring life, but gave it up at the earnest request of his parents. This love of the deep blue sea, his desire to own a good boat, has caused his downfall.

It appears that four parties, whose names we have not been able to ascertain, owned and were in possession of a small schooner which was loaded with clothing and provisions valued at about \$1000.00, while the boat is supposed to be worth about \$400.00. Porter opened up negotiations with the owners for the purchase of the boat which resulted in his paying ten dollars on the same. On last Saturday he concluded to give the schooner a trial and went out on a cruise to Rambo and other islands some ten miles distant from the city. One of the parties to go along was a part owner in the cargo but not of the boat. His partner in business and Ed and John Adams of the Troy laundry made up the balance of the party. They sailed to Rambo island and tied up. All parties landed and agreed to take a hunt, and off they went in all directions. The Prof. informed the members of the party that they would sail for home at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and according to the statements of some, Porter told them that if he got no game within a reasonable time he might cruise around awhile to test the sailing qualities of the boat, but that he would be there to take them on board at four o'clock. As soon as the fellows were well scattered, Porter and his partner returned to the boat. A small canoe was put ashore. Two loaves of bread and a can of meat were put in the boat and the oars were kept on the schooner. Porter and his partner hoisted the sails and "flew," and they probably have not yet stopped. Where they went to no one seems to know, but gone they are with the \$400.00 boat and \$1000.00 worth of personal property.

At one o'clock, instead of four, Ed and John Adams and the other man returned to the place of landing to find Porter, his partner and the schooner gone. The small boat was there, with the two loaves of bread and tin of meat. They were a long ways from home and no oars. They made some ears out of some driftwood found on the beach, and after enduring hunger, thirst and a great amount of hard work, they finally landed in Fort Wrangel last Monday forenoon about 10 o'clock.

"I can hardly believe that Porter would do such a thing, I had so much confidence in him," said John Adams when seen by a reporter of the News, and such a disgusted look we never observed on the human face before.

Attachment suits were commenced against The Porter company in the small hours of Tuesday morning by Wakefield & Young and Reid & Sylvester of this city. Other creditors will no doubt show up in due time. A warrant is also out for the arrest of the Prof. on the charge of grand larceny.

### A Tremendous Spread.

The evening of the Fourth was quietly celebrated by a few of the boys in town. First Sergeant G. K. Glover, Second Lieutenant L. L. Scott, privates J. McNicholas and F. Harris and civilian W. T. Barker met at Sergeant Glover's cabin and indulged their appetites at a meal that is said to be the finest ever dished up to a lot of forlorn bachelors in this city. A first-class cook was engaged for the occasion and the boys dispersed about 12 o'clock feeling that there is something in life to live for, after all.

### FROM DEES LAKE.

Mr. Chas. A. Bramble, a Mining Expert, Going South to Report on that District.

The News was favored with a call yesterday by Mr. Chas. A. Bramble, until recently one of the editors of the Engineering and Mining Journal of New York City. Mr. Bramble resigned his position early in the spring of the present year for the purpose of investigating the mineral resources of Southeastern Alaska and portions of the North West territory for a company of eastern capitalists which is already interested in and operating mining properties on the Yukon. He arrived in this city the fore part of the week from the Dees lake country, where he has been since the first of May. He reports having made a very complete and thorough examination of the gold-bearing gravel and quartz ledges of that section and left on the Athenian today for Vancouver where he will report to his company the results of his observation. He did not confide in us the nature of that report, but from his general conversation we gleaned that he is very well satisfied with the outlook for profitable development work there in the near future. Mr. Bramble believes that the Dees Lake district is an inviting field for the investment of capital, as he has determined by careful investigation that there are hundreds of acres of gold-bearing gravel that will yield twenty cents per cubic yard, a sufficient amount to pay a handsome return on the capital invested, if worked by the hydraulic process. He says, at the present time, so far as he was able to discover in the country traversed by him, there are no placers that will pay in excess of days' wages by the ordinary methods of sluicing, yet, he says, the country is virtually unprospected, and in view of former discoveries, it is not improbable that rich and perhaps extensive diggings may be found in the future. The evidences of paying quartz leads are abundant, although up to the present time there have been no discoveries of free milling ore in paying quantities. He says that a rich find has undoubtedly been made on the headwaters of the Iscoot river, as he had an opportunity of knowing from a talk with the locator and an examination of some of the ore in his possession. A prospecting party of New Yorkers came down the river on the steamer McConnell the first of the week from a fruitless quest for gold in the upper country and landed near the Big Canyon, where they will search for a lead, the evidences of its existence having been found by them on their trip up the river last spring. Mr. Bramble says the advance guard of the army of prospectors that are trying to reach the Yukon by the overland route via Ashcroft reached the Dees Lake country about two weeks ago, making a crossing of the river about twenty miles below the lake. In answer to the question if he knew anything concerning the condition of the Stikine Lake Teslin trail, Mr. Bramble said that he had traveled forty-eight miles over it and had encountered no insurmountable obstacles. He said that prospectors were constantly going over it without much difficulty, but that there was a certain class of grub-staked tender-feet that was retailing stories of hardships and danger connected with it that had never been a hundred yards from camp since putting up tents at Glenora. He said the grade on the trail, for the most part, was easy, and the chief impediment to travel had been the swampy nature of the land at the Lake Teslin end of the route, but that this would be remedied by work now being done. Mr. Bramble will return in a few weeks, having first made an inspection of the mines in the Ketchikan country.

### Jack Dalton's Escape.

On the 17th of last month some Indians fired two shots at Jack Dalton, the Alaska pathfinder, and his escape from instant death was miraculous, for while the first one failed to hit its victim, the second hit a pocket book which he carried in his inside pocket on the left side and the silver coins deflected the ball and no injury resulted. The shots were fired by members of the Stik Indian tribe on the banks of the Chilkat river and the would be assassins were so bold as to show themselves and dare the members of his, Dalton's, party to "come on."

It seems that the Indians in that part of Alaska are not in the best humor over the appearance of the white prospector and took this manner of showing their disapproval of the coming of the whites into the territory that they claim for their hunting grounds, and it is more than probable that they will cause trouble and sacrifice many lives before the matter is settled.

We believe the time has come when assassinations of the whites by Indians should be regarded with extreme disfavor and for every white person killed, a hundred Indians should be shot down. These revengeful beings have killed hundreds, yes thousands of white settlers and right now, in the beginning of their murderous work, they should be taught a lesson that will be remembered for a good long while. A warrant was secured at Juneau for the arrest of the supposed assailant named Jim, and an officer has gone to capture him, but we apprehend but little good will come of such a course.

We are truly glad that Gov. Brady has returned. He has lived in Alaska for a long time and understands the Indian character thoroughly and we hope he will, in some manner, put a stop to any further efforts to prevent the forward march of civilization and the speedy development of Alaska.

Mr. A. E. Stanfield and Harry Pidgeon, of Ventura county, California, have just completed a neat little cabin on North Front Street. Mr. Stanfield is a photographic artist of some ten years experience, and Mr. Pidgeon is something of a naturalist and together they will explore the wonders of Alaska.

## WILLSON & SYLVESTER, WRANGEL..... MILLS

MANUFACTURERS OF

Yellow Cedar, Red Cedar and Spruce Lumber, Flooring, Ceiling, Rustic, Shiplap, Etc.

DEALERS IN

Shingles, Doors, Windows. FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA

S. FLESHAM.

D. ROSENBLUM.

## S. FLESHAM & CO.

Cigars, Tobaccos, Fruits, Stationery,  
AND NOTIONS

232 FRONT STREET.

Opposite McKinnon's Wharf.

Fort Wrangel, Alaska

ESTABLISHED IN 1896.

## Fort Wrangel Brewery

BRUNO GREIF, Proprietor.

The new hall has been completed west of the Brewery in first-class style and is now occupied.

### FIRST CLASS LODGING HOUSE

The finest lunch counter in the city which is always well provided with the very best of everything.

Refreshments the Very Best. Patronize a Home Industry.

## THE CASSIAR....

In front of McKinnon's Wharf  
NO. 217 FRONT STREET

## The Gentleman's Resort

LARGE ROOM, TABLES AND CHAIRS  
IN ABUNDANCE.

The Choicest Refreshments in the City

DON'T FORGET THE CASSIAR

Remember the....

## Eureka Brewing Co.

432 FRONT STREET.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

A nice cool place to spend an afternoon or evening.

Best and Coolest Refreshments in the City

GIVE US A CALL.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS

ONE YEAR - - - \$3.00  
SIX MONTHS - - - 1.50  
THREE MONTHS - - - .75

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THE  
ADVERTISING MEDIUM  
OF  
SOUTHEAST ALASKA

FIRST CLASS  
JOB WORK  
A SPECIALTY

SATISFACTION  
GUARANTEED

READ THE

NEWS...

AND GET THE

NEWS..

### DR. V. McALPIN

### DENTIST.

(30 years experience.)

Seward Building, rear of Wakefield & Young  
FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

ON HAND DAY AND NIGHT.



# CASE & WILSON

Carry a full line of everything usually found in a general store

## Family Trade a Specialty

A FULL LINE OF INDIAN CURIOS.

BAR SUPPLIES AND SOFT DRINKS.

Highest Price Paid for Furs

### 4TH OF JULY CELEBRATION

The Demonstration in Fort Wrangel Fully in Keeping with the Character of the Day.

The Fourth of July has come and gone, and Wrangel did her part nobly in remembering the day in which the fathers declared their political independence of Great Britain.

A committee of ten, namely: Willoughby Clark, H. E. Weymouth, T. G. Wilson, Oscar C. Stone, G. W. Bloomhardt, G. W. Kennedy, A. G. McBride, L. L. Scott, T. R. Needham and B. A. Stephens, had been elected at a citizens' meeting to engineer the celebration, and, after selecting Mr. Clark as president of the day, and Rev. G. W. Kennedy as speaker, and collecting the necessary funds, the committee turned the arrangement of the program over to Capt. Stephens, who found himself seriously handicapped for time and help.

However, the interest of several ladies was enlisted, and a very creditable literary program was made up.

Sergeant Gillis, of Co. A, National Guard of Alaska, detailed the necessary men to do the flag raising and fire the salutes, and that part was carried out without a hitch.

Promptly at 5 o'clock a. m. an elegant twelve-by-eight-foot American flag specially purchased for the occasion by Duncan McKinnon, was raised on the flag pole on the summit of Mount Dewey, and, as the stars and stripes floated to the breeze, the national guard fired the colonial salute of thirteen guns, in honor of the thirteen original colonies, which revolted from the tyranny of King George III. The piece fired is a brass cannon, which was loaned for the occasion by sub-Chief Kettishan of the Klunket Indians. He says it was obtained by his ancestors from the Russians over one hundred years ago.

By eleven o'clock a. m. the literary program was under way at the opera house, which was well filled.

President Clark called the house to order, and the audience sang two stanzas of America, led on the piano by Miss Lulu Keefe.

Rev. G. W. Kennedy made a feeling and patriotic invocation.

Dr. V. McAlpin, in a well-trained voice, read the declaration of independence.

The public school children, who had been drilled by Mrs. Lizzie Sanger, marched on the stage, and sang only as enthusiastic young Americans can sing, the new song of "Yankee Dewey Dandy."

They were very neatly decorated with ribbons in patriotic colors, and each one held an American flag. The song is a favorite one with the children, and they sang it with a hearty good will that elicited generous applause.

The Wrangel band played "Hail Columbia," that brought forth loud applause.

The hit of the day was made by Captain Thomas A. Willson, who in a most inimitable manner, recited the famous story of the unfortunate Abner Dean who married Nancy.

Pretty Miss Bertha Hunt recited a patriotic poem entitled "E Pluribus Unum," which won her fresh laurels in the elocutionary line, and from the waves of applause which greeted her appearance and effort, there is no doubt that she succeeded in pleasing the audience.

The public school children sang "Marching Through Georgia," and the band followed with the same tune.

Rev. G. W. Kennedy then delivered the oration, and it is evident that the committee made no mistake in the selection of a speaker. It was a fine address, and reviewed the causes of separation from the mother country, traced its history briefly down to the present, spoke hopefully of the future of the country, and paid a tribute to the pioneers of Alaska. It was frequently punctuated with applause, and only lack of space stops a synopsis being given here.

The last was a piano solo by Miss Lulu Keefe, which was a rendition worthy of that young lady's bright talents.

In the afternoon the Indians held games on the green east of the Presbyterian church, peculiar to their customs. A large number of whites were present and greatly enjoyed the sports. They were conducted by Rev. A. Stark.

At 4 o'clock p. m. a skiff race was pulled off in which Jack Collins won a prize of five dollars against a professional. Jack prances around now with a high feather in his cap, and the sporting club is thinking seriously of sending him as delegate to the next national convention. The fact of the matter is, it was a put up job on the part of the boys to let Jack reimburse himself for expenses incurred in payment for a cargo of cats recently shipped to him from Juneau.

At 5 p. m. the canoe race came off. The run was over the old time course which the Indians have paddled for ages. The starting point was from the west end of the C. P. R. wharf, and the course was around Spratt's Ark, anchor-

ed in Etholen bay, and back to the starting point. On the first start the canoes fouled, and Judge J. E. Coffin called them back, and had them start over. They got a good second start, and fast and furious the Indians dipped their paddles. They went around the ark like quarter horses, and on the home stretch they stood up in their canoes and fairly lifted the prows from the water. Skookum Jim's canoe had the lead soon after the start, and gradually distanced their competitors, whose steering was not good. The large crowds on McKinnon's dock and the C. P. R. wharf enjoyed the sport immensely, and cheered the victors heartily. The prize was ten dollars cash. There were four paddle men and one steersman in each canoe.

In the evening Jack Collins got up impromptu races on Front Street for the boys, taking up a collection for the prizes.

There were four dances held in the evening. In McKinnon hall over fifty couples of the elite tripped the light fantastic to the music of Prof. G. H. Edson's string band. Jack Hunter and Charlie Merrill were the managers. The number of new faces present occasioned much remark.

The half-natives held a dance in the office of Clark, Ingersoll & Weymouth under the management of Mesdames Clark, Lewis and Fletcher. About twenty-five handsome couples worshipped at the shrine of Terpsichore. J. E. Coffin was the chief musician.

Two full-blood Indian dances were held in other halls.

And thus the glorious Fourth was fired in and danced out.

#### A Hearty Welcome.

Mail boat, City of Topeka, made us a call last Sunday afternoon. We are glad she has been made the mail boat again. The town turned out to greet her. Mr. Curtis, one of the veterans in the Alaska trade, is now purser on the Topeka, and his many friends are glad he was transferred from the Cottage City. We were pleased to meet Steward S. Sanders, who has held down his present position for a long time. He is one of the best fellows in the service of the Pacific Coast Co., and while changes are frequent in the boat transportation business, Sanders is always found at the same old stand. Long live Sanders.

#### Good Bye.

Capt. Nightingale leaves this city for Nainaimo this week and will probably make that place his home in the future. The Capt. has had charge of the Davidge business and superintended the construction of the new wharf. We regret very much that he leaves our city. There are lots of people in town who join us in this regret. He is a live, progressive man and worthy of the utmost confidence. We wish him success wherever he may go but at the same time, hope he may conclude to return to Fort Wrangel.

#### An Improvement.

A News man in passing down Front street the other day noticed that Case & Wilson had built a room onto their large store building. A look inside surprised us—it will everybody. It contains a large stock of fresh candies, cigars, tobacco and temperance drinks. It is the neatest, cosiest place in town. A large ice chest is kept well filled with ice and all the soft drinks are kept in there. When you feel like eating candy or drinking a bottle of pop just drop down there and you will not regret the walk. The firm will keep this room for the sale of confectionery, etc., exclusively.

#### Snowed Under.

The telegraphic dispatches bring Alaskans the news that Judge Johnson has been confirmed as judge for the district of Alaska. His enemies have made a hard fight against him and delayed actions for a long time, but in the end the right prevailed. We congratulate the Judge on his good fortune and feel assured that he will discharge his duties in an able and upright manner. The opponents of the Judge have been snowed under.

#### A Rich Strike.

It is reported that a very rich gold strike has been made twenty miles below Ketchikan. From sources we consider reliable we learn that one blast brought up \$400 worth of gold. There is plenty of the precious metal in southeastern Alaska and before the season closes a number of finds will no doubt be made.

#### He's All Right.

Capt. Greer formerly purser on the Ning Chow, will be in the city in a few days and will take charge of the Davidge wharf. Mr. Greer is a splendid fellow, a thorough business man and Davidge & Co. have made no mistake in putting him in charge of their business.

#### THE LOCAL FIELD.

Items of Interest Dished Up in Brief for the Benefit of Our Readers.

Carbolic Acid for Disinfecting, At Wrangel Drug Co. 25 cents per pint.

Mosquito dope, a sure preventative. At Wrangel Drug Co.

Headquarters for fireworks at the Hunt Grocery Co., 322 Front Street.

The Barnes brothers returned last Sunday from a two weeks trip among the islands.

"Dad" Strouse remembered the News man with one of his best Fourth of July cigars.

We are pleased to note that Mrs. Duncan McKinnon is much improved in health again.

The Fourth developed the fact that Fort Wrangel has some somnambulists among her inhabitants.

The Ogilvie went up the river yesterday morning with 67 head of stock and 30 tons of merchandise.

The dance at the McKinnon hall 4th of July evening was well attended. All reported a pleasant time.

Keep your eye on 322 Front Street where the Hunt Grocery Co. holds forth. Everything at the very lowest prices.

A fine line of photograph views of objects of interest for sale by the Wrangel Drug Co. Send one to your eastern friends.

The Elder, from Portland, pulled up to the McKinnon wharf last Sunday night about 12 o'clock and discharged some freight and left at half past two for the north.

The Athenian, with her big hearted captain, Harry Mowatt, came into port last Sunday evening. She discharged some fifty head of horses and mules, fourteen head of beef cattle, besides some miscellaneous freight.

Claus, the man who murdered his two partners up the Stikeen last March has had his trial at Nainaimo and was found guilty of murder in the first degree. He will take his flight heavenward sometime next month.

For some time past Mr. J. Kennedy and Capt. Jas. Glenison have been busily engaged in building a neat little steamboat and last Friday night, at high tide, she was launched forth upon the broad bosom of the briny bay. The new craft is forty-two feet in length and ten and a half foot beam and when completed will eclipse anything in these parts.

Harry Day, poor fellow, has the use of but one leg now, but thanks to a good nurse, he will soon have the other one mended. His misfortune has not robbed him of his good humor and gentle disposition. Harry has lots of friends and the printer is one of them always. His kindly remembrance of the News force, by sending up some cigars is only one of the many little courtesies we take pleasure in acknowledging.

#### Summons by Publication.

In the United States Commissioner's Court in and for the District of Alaska, Kenneth M. Jackson, Commissioner.

Lee H. Wakefield and Royal Young, partners doing business under the firm name and style of Wakefield & Young, Plaintiffs.

vs. W. H. Porter and A. J. Barrett, partners doing business under the firm name and style of The W. H. Porter Co., Defendants.

The people of the United States of America to W. H. Porter and A. J. Barrett, partners under the firm name of The W. H. Porter Co., Defendants.

You and each of you are hereby notified that you have been sued in the above entitled court and must answer the complaint filed therein on or before the 16th day of August, 1898, or judgment will be rendered against you as is in the complaint demanded.

You are further notified that a writ of attachment has been issued in said cause on the 5th day of July, 1898, under which personal property belonging to you has been attached.

The said plaintiffs have commenced the said action to recover from said defendants the sum of \$25.55 upon an account for goods, wares and merchandise sold and delivered by plaintiffs to defendants at their instance and request, together with the costs and disbursements of said action; that an order was entered in the above entitled action ordering service upon you of this summons by publication on the 6th day of July A. D. 1898.

Witness my hand and official seal at Fort Wrangel, Alaska, this 6th day of July, 1898.

K. M. JACKSON, U. S. Commissioner for District of Alaska, holding court at Fort Wrangel in said district.

C. O. Bates, attorney for Plaintiffs; P. O. address Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

Date of first publication July 6, 1898.

#### Summons by Publication.

In the United States Commissioner's Court in and for the District of Alaska, Kenneth M. Jackson, Commissioner.

Robert Reid and Rufus Sylvester, partners doing business under the firm name and style of Reid & Sylvester, Plaintiffs.

vs. W. H. Porter and A. J. Barrett, partners doing business under the firm name and style of The W. H. Porter Co., Defendants.

The people of the United States of America to W. H. Porter and A. J. Barrett, partners under the firm name of The W. H. Porter Co., Defendants.

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Date of first publication July 6th, 1898.

# FORT WRANGEL ALASKA

## A Growing Young City, Great Natural Resources

On same latitude of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Copenhagen, Riga, Moscow and Tobolsk, and south of the great Cities of St. Petersburg and Archangel.

Wrangel is the center of an inhabitable area of 45,000 square miles rich in Timber, Fish, Coal, Petroleum, Furs, Game, Cereals, Vegetables, Small Fruits, Marble, Building Stone, Gold, Silver, Lead, Iron, Copper and Sulphur.

The climate of Southeastern Alaska is comparatively mild, being influenced by the Great Japanese Current, and is much the same as the British Isles under the Gulf Stream

Transportation facilities are regular Steamship lines with the United States and Canada.

The new land law gives each settler eighty acres.

The harbor is safe, deep and commodious, is at the mouth of Stikeen river, navigable for 150 miles into the Cassiar District.

If you are interested in Southeastern Alaska, the Twenty-Five Thousand Club can give you valuable information.

For any specific information as to Land, Settlements, Manufactures, Mines, &c., &c.,

Address

G. W. KENNEDY,

Sec'y Twenty-Five Thousand Club, Fort Wrangel, Alaska.



## FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

McBRIDE & HENSHAW, Publishers.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA

Old Probs gave us a finer March than Sousa ever dreamed of.

If the Holland submarine boat turns out to be a success, the "under dog" in the fight will get the best of it.

Count de Mun, of Paris, has recently passed into the unknown. It's a question now who "has de Mun."

China can save time and postage by replying to the demands of the different powers with a circular letter.

It is said that a diet of garlic is good for the complexion, but there are other things in this world besides complexions.

As part of the fruit of the nation's efforts in the way of a navy the Kentucky and the Kearsarge represent a big pair.

When a man places himself in the hands of his friends before an election there is sometimes competition about the hold on his leg.

Maybe there won't be many serious battles on our coasts this year, but if it only depends on the summer girl there'll be many engagements.

An item is afloat that twenty grass widows have started in a body for the Klondike. Maybe they travel together because they couldn't well go single.

When Martha Shute of Denver takes the field with her cavalry troop of Colorado girls the dons will find that there is no fun in shooting the Shutes.

Our bicycles are so popular in Germany that in line with prohibiting the neighboring American horse, there's talk there about excluding the silent steed.

A Western man bequeathed his money to a circus. Many can't help thinking this disposal of wealth would hardly give one the best kind of a show hereafter.

Mme. Dreyfuss petitioned the French Government to be allowed the privilege of sharing the exile of her husband on the Isle du Diable. The Government declined, being too polite to tell her to go to the devil.

While France keeps nagging the British on the Niger, Russia bothers them in North China. Mr. Bull has been known to lose his temper over a partnership intended to keep him looking in two directions for bent pins.

It is rumored in London that a Russian spy, disguised as a footman, has been discovered among the servants of Lord Salisbury. There may be nothing in this conspiracy, but if there is that footman evidently isn't the head man in it.

England this year spends \$415,000,000 on the navy, the largest sum spent on it in any one year in peace or in war. Germany has voted \$80,000,000 on new ships in the next seven years. Russia is about to spend \$37,500,000. If the United States is to hold its place it must share this preparation.

Striking at the root of a growing evil, the National League has wisely voted to suspend or expel professional baseball players who use indecent or vulgar language upon the ball-field. It is not possible, perhaps, to eliminate the rowdy from athletics, but determined managers can do the next best thing—muzzle him.

"That reminds me of a story," said one of a group of men, looking around furtively, "as there are no ladies present." "No, but I am," promptly responded a tall young fellow, as he turned on his heel; "and you need not tell me any story that you would not tell your mother." Each individual encourages or discourages. This young hero did both.

The use of the balloon in warfare will be one of the developments of the near future. A first-class modern ironclad costs about \$5,000,000. This would construct and equip for war purposes a great many balloons, and it would seem as if they might be used by the inhabitants of a besieged city with which to sail over an invading fleet and drop explosives upon the warships underneath with deadly effect. They might also be utilized to drop these explosives over the cities occupied by an opponent. Of course there would be considerable risk in such an enterprise, unless the balloons could be properly steered, but the dirigible balloon is one of the inventions that we may expect to see in the near future.

It is important to remember that the submarine boats built thus far are available only for harbor defense. But they will be welcome for that purpose. Experiments with them in the war of the revolution and the civil war were not successful, but that was before the era of electric storage batteries and gasoline engines. Much is expected

from the Holland, recently completed near New York. She is the second of the type. The first, known as the Plunger, is under construction for the Government at Baltimore. They are too heavy to be shipped on the deck of cruisers from point to point, and it is proposed to build several of a lighter pattern, to be utilized in this way. That the submarine torpedo boat will eventually be a success is the opinion of many naval constructors. Two will probably soon be added to the navy, and others contracted for.

The London Times tells how it happened that Prince George of Greece was nominated by Russia to be governor of Crete after the Czar had committed himself to another candidate. It seems that the candidacy of Prince George was recommended by the Queen of Denmark to the Empress Dowager of Russia and by her it was brought to the Czar. It seems that the idea originated with the Greek minister to Constantinople, who mentioned it to the King of Greece, who, in turn, urged it upon the Queen of Denmark. The minister was instructed to sound the Sultan upon the appointment and he reported that the Sultan would be willing to propose Prince George, as the Sultan believed that by putting him in Crete he would be obligated morally to be loyal to the Ottoman empire and would have such an influence with his father, King of Greece, as to prevent any disturbances being created in Thessaly. Under these circumstances the Czar dropped his own candidate and took up the Prince.

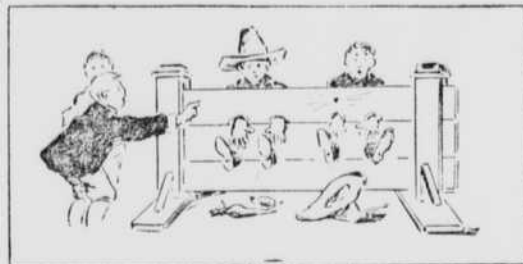
The report upon the mineral resources of the United States recently submitted shows that the value of precious stones produced in this country last year was \$130,975, as compared with \$97,850 in 1896. The principal items in this total are turquoise, \$55,000; sapphires, \$25,000; quartz, crystal, \$12,000; tourmaline, \$9,025; and gold quartz, \$5,000. The turquoise deposits are chiefly in Santa Fe and Grant counties, New Mexico; the sapphire in Fergus County, Montana; the tourmaline in Mount Men, Maine; and Haddam Neck, Conn., and the quartz crystals in Calaveras County, California. Pale amethystine garnets are found in Cowee Valley, N. C. The considerable increase in the product of these precious stones over the previous year is said to be due to the fact that large investments of English capital have been made in this industry, more of which have been attracted to the sapphire deposits of Montana. The more popular and expensive gems, like the diamond, ruby, opal and emerald, are as yet undiscovered in this country and until they are the output of precious stones in the United States will be comparatively an unimportant branch of our industries.

There is no safety in the practical dealings in life between men and women like clear, distinct, persistent frankness, says the Outlook. The man who has nothing to conceal, and who conceals nothing, never has to make any explanations, and he secures that confidence which protects him from the suspicion which he is holding anything back which might influence the decision of the person with whom he is dealing. It is taken for granted that he has stated his whole position without reservation. We are constantly tempted to desert this high plane of action because other people do not meet us on it; but our relations with others ought not to be determined by their attitude toward us; they ought to be determined by our own individual convictions. It ought to make no difference how we are treated by others so far as justice, frankness and courtesy are concerned. It is astonishing how the crabbed temper yields when it is treated with uniform courtesy and consideration; how the secretive spirit gives way when it is met by perfect frankness; how the impatient temper is quieted and calmed by patience and forbearance. When we carry ourselves steadily in all our relations with others we dispose at once of half the difficulties which are likely to rise, and avoid almost entirely those misunderstandings which are the beginnings of estrangement. We are often tempted to deal with small people on the plane of their intelligence rather than on the plane of our own convictions, and every time we do this we make a blunder. Such people, treated on a high plane, are materially helped to stand on that plane. They are not slow to discern the respect that is paid them, and they must be exceptionally bad if they are not influenced by it. It is far better, as a matter of policy, if for no higher reason, to treat others steadily from a standpoint which we have taken as the result of conviction, than to continually adjust ourselves to the standpoints of others. Respect, consideration, frankness and true courtesy are rarely lost when they are infused into our social and business relations. In the exact degree in which we are governed by these qualities and express them do we make ourselves not only effective, but distinctly uplifting in our influence upon others.

Women make a manly man—he is easier to manage.—Life.

Sailors say the bounding billows are to be found at the three-mile limit.

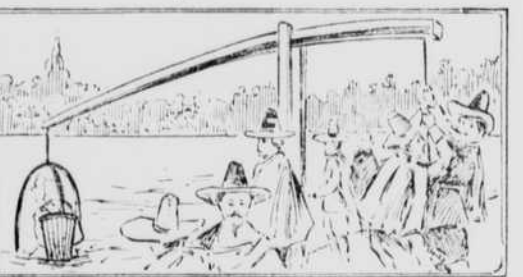
## ODD METHODS OF PUNISHMENT.



The Stocks



The Pillory



The Iron Gag

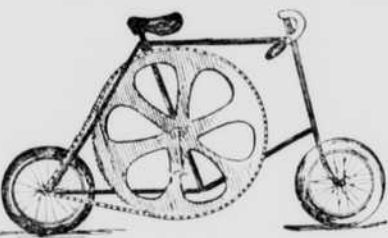
The recent exhibition of objects relating to prisons and the safe keeping of prisoners, held in New York, revives interest in the various modes of punishing evil-doers in the early days. Among the methods in vogue in Massa-

chusetts, when that stern State was a new settlement, were the billows, which originated in Spain. This contrivance was a kind of stocks with a heavy iron bar and a sliding shackles. The stocks have become familiar to every one and went along with tongue-boring, ear-cropping and similar gentle reminders of sins committed. An iron frame gag was quite popular in the far-off days, and what with this barbaric machine and the ducking-stool talkative women did not enjoy the liberties of their latter-day sisters. The pillory was used on all occasions for all sorts of misdemeanors, though like other forms of punishment it had but little effect as a deterrent.

## WONDERFUL, BUT USELESS.

Here's a Freak Bicycle Geared to 555 Inches.

The claim of having the highest geared wheel in the world belongs in Newark, according to the Cycling Gazette, where a dealer has constructed the freak bicycle. When it is said that the machine is geared so high that no one can ride it it will be conceded that he has accomplished his point. If an ordinary were to be constructed of the same relative gear it would have a wheel 555 inches in diameter, in other



GEARED TO 555 INCHES.

words the front wheel would be 46½ feet in height. As it is on the Newark safety there are few men in the world who can reach from saddle to pedal, for the distance from the seat to the pedal at its lowest point is about 52 inches. If the freak cycle be ridden each revolution of the pedals would carry the rider 145.29 feet and it would require but thirty-six revolutions to cover a mile. As an advertisement to cover the affair is said to be proving its value.

## Founder of Monte Carlo.

Monsieur Blanc, founder of the Casino at Monte Carlo, though immensely wealthy, was very close in small affairs. He never played but once. It was on a very hot day, and his wife demanded that he buy her a parasol. They went to a store, and she selected one that cost \$16, which, with a disgusted gesture, he paid. That after-

noon, when the Casino opened, M. Blanc appeared and placed \$2 on the red at one of the trente et quarante tables. He won, pocketed his winnings and left the original stake on the table. For a second time he won and had got his \$16 back. Not content he wagered again, but lost, then doubled his stake and won again, and then set about playing for the two louis he was behind. He played and lost, broke a thousand-franc note, then wrote a check, and finally, when the last deal was called, M. Blanc seized his yellow cane and started for home. There he found his wife playing "patience" with a pack of cards, the offending parasol lying on the table. "Madame," said the old gentleman, "do you know what that thing has cost me?" "Monsieur, mon ami, it cost you \$16." "Madame," rejoined he, "you are mistaken, I have just paid the bill—\$18,000. That is all."

## Thoughtful for the Old Ladies.

The Duke of Norfolk, having given an excursion party permission to visit his fine park at Arundel, his steward had a number of notices, "Keep off the grass," printed and put up at different spots. On the day of the trip the Duke was seen busily engaged in removing all the boards he could reach. The steward, at a loss to explain this strange conduct, asked his Grace the reason of it. "Many of the old ladies," replied the Duke, "will have corns, and I am sure, would rather walk on the grass than on the footpaths." It is a pity the old ladies did not learn at the time how much they owed the Duke.

## Peculiar Hindoo Custom.

The Hindoos consider their dead as sacred, and do not allow them to be handled by alien hands, the nearest male relative—son, father, or brother—preparing the body for burial; and if there be none of their relatives, a son is adopted by the family for the purpose.

## KNUCKLE DOWN.

Around the maddy, trampled ring,  
The eager, jostling boys are grouped,  
With quick reproval challenging  
The lad who to the ground has stooped.  
Careful he views the marbles high,  
Steady he holds his shooter brown  
But ere he lets it whirling fly  
He hears the warping, "Knuckle down!"

With grimy hands and maddy knees,  
Careless of mother's chiding words,  
The happy school boy only sees  
The "cincy" ring, nor heeds nor birds  
With springtime pebbles catch his eye,  
Above the "mays" with anxious frown  
He bends, and hears the eager cry  
From jealous playmates, "Knuckle down!"



Play on, though maddy be the ring,  
Play on, while happy days remain!  
Too soon stern duty's whispering  
Will sound a solemn, dull refrain

For marble time is gone too soon,  
Ere long the stern voice of the town  
Will banish boyhoods sunlit noon  
With the grim yandale, "Knuckle down!"

FRANK & J. H. H. GAN

## NO MORE COAL EXPLOSIONS.

One of the Horrors of the Miner's Life Eliminated.

A process has been invented by James Tonge of the Manchester Geological Society, which may rid the mining of coal of one of its greatest dangers. By means of it coal can now be taken from the mines without blasting. The process is hydraulic and so simple in operation that the great wonder is it has not been thought of before. Instead of being violently disrupted, as with powder, huge pieces of coal are wedged away from the parent body by means of a simple little pump worked by hand. It has been tried in one of the English coal mines, and the result was so satisfactory that preparations are being made to install the mine with the apparatus and discard explosives altogether. The whole apparatus weighs fifty pounds and consists of a cartridge or cylinder of steel, 18 inches long and three inches in diameter, a hand pump, a pressure gauge and a light, adjustable stand. Mr. Tonge's own description of how it is used is graphic enough. He says:

"The coal is holed near the floor to the usual depth, and a hole is drilled near the roof to about the same depth, as though making ready for the usual blasting. When this has been done the cartridge is put in the top hole and pushed to the back. The pump is coupled to the cartridge, the suction pipe is placed in a small bottle of water, and the work begins. In a few seconds the cartridge is charged with water. Then the pressure comes on and begins to show on the gauge. Half a ton—a ton—a ton and a half—two tons per square inch! During this time a cracking sound behind the cartridge has been telling that the pressure shown on the gauge has had the effect of shearing off the coal at the back, the springs or holing props being kept in their place in front. The gradual way in which the work is done, without shock or jar of any kind, prevents any damage to the roof of the shaft, in striking contrast to the action of explosives of any kind. The whole operation of loosening tops of coal requires less than twelve minutes from the time of placing the cartridge in the hole to the breaking down of the lump. Inasmuch as the holes can be placed further apart than when blasting is done, a much larger quantity of coal can be taken off at a time, and thus the productivity of the mine can be increased, and the advantage of being able to do without explosives cannot be overestimated when the saving of life is taken into consideration."

## DEPUTY SHERIFF FERGUSON.

She Is an Accomplished and Charming Young Lady of Utah.

Miss Claire H. Ferguson, daughter of Dr. Ellen B. Ferguson, one of the distinguished women of Utah, is a deputy sheriff in Salt Lake City. Miss Ferguson was born in Utah and educated at the State university.

"I have served as deputy sheriff since last June," said Miss Ferguson, "although I was not legally qualified until last month, when I attained my majority. I am under \$1,500 bonds. I have charge of the civil work."

Miss Ferguson says she cannot re-



DEPUTY SHERIFF FERGUSON.

member the time when she was not interested in politics and in law. When her term expires as deputy sheriff she will apply herself seriously to the study of law, and some years hence we may hear of "Judge Ferguson," with another name, doubtless, added.

The young lady is extremely prepossessing in appearance and is considered one of the belles of Salt Lake City society. She is musical, fond of athletics and rides, drives and cycles. Her father was a successful physician in Utah, and on his side she is related to the family of the late Gen. U. S. Grant.

## As Fit Is War.

The sudden changes of climate encountered by soldiers when troops are moved from one quarter of the world to another are estimated as increasing the annual mortality of Europe by 50,000 men.

## The Mikado's Favorite Sport.

The favorite sport of the Mikado is horse-racing, but he allows no betting, and the price of admission to the races is placed so high that only the upper classes can attend. The Mikado's stables accommodate about 3,000 animals.

The dollar you pay back looks twice as large as the one you borrowed.



# THE FAMILY STORY



## THE MURDER OF A WIFE.

ONE night, just as it was growing dusk and the lengthening shadows brought weird memories to me, I was disturbed by the rattling of a cab which stopped at the door with a loud "Whoa" from the driver and a puff that brought the horse on its haunches.

A man sprang out of the cab, and, hastily running up the steps, pulled frantically at the door bell. Although it was nearly dark I had time to distinguish the features of one of the leading lawyers of the city.

As my servant showed him into the front parlor, by the window of which I was sitting, he came forward, and, grasping me by both hands, said: "Mr. Martinot, we need no introduction; we both know each other professionally so well that a personal acquaintance is unnecessary."

I motioned him to a chair. "I will be seated," said he, "but only long enough for you to get ready to go with me. I want you to go to the Tombs. My client, in whose behalf I have called to see you, is there. He is in the shadow of the gallows. The noose is around his neck."

It is no unusual thing for me to be called by a professional man, and therefore I gave no thought to the case as we were rattling through the streets, but the impatience of the lawyer was such that he would not allow the carman to slacken, even upon the slippery pavements. We were nearly there before he mentioned the case. He seemed unable to talk from nervousness. When the shadow of the Tombs fell upon the cab he turned to me and said:

"I can tell you only one thing about the case: my client is innocent. That is absolute. In his confession to me he could explain nothing; he only knows that he is innocent."

With this brief prelude I followed my guide up the stairs leading to the Tombs and into the somber gallery that runs along murderers' row. In the last cell, surrounded by not more than ten square feet of space, sat my man. He occupied a wooden chair, and when the turnkey unlocked the door he gave no sign excepting to bury his head deeper in his hands and groan.

At a glance I saw that he was a gentleman. He was a man in the prime of life, not over 40, well dressed, clean-shaven and handsome. This I saw in spite of the dark gloom upon his countenance, for never in my life had I seen such abject despair shown in the face of a human being.

At the sound of the lawyer's voice he lifted up his head, and at the mention of my name a ray of hope seemed to come across his countenance. He rose, shook hands with us both, and beckoned us to seats on his rude cot.

"Now," said the lawyer, leaning back and leaving us face to face together, "tell Mr. Martinot everything that happened that night and conceal nothing from him. Tell him just as you have told me."

Looking me straight in the eye and beginning at the very beginning, Franklin Jarvis told me his story:

"I am a manufacturer of dress goods," said he. "My business carries me down into Barclay street and the lower quarters of the town, and on that account I rise early every morning. For many years my wife has not breakfasted with me.

"We were married fifteen years ago and our story is an old one. We married in poverty and were happy. We grew to wealth and were indifferent. When fortune began to smile upon us my wife became ambitious and longed to shine in the social set of which we had read only a little and in gilded paragraphs.

"I opposed her and we quarreled, sometimes gently, but more often bitterly. Our words at times rose high, and when, as on a recent occasion, she showed great extravagance in her attempts to get into high circles, I would leave the house and not return for a week at a time. Thus I grew steadily on for the last five years, getting worse and worse.

"I will tell you now," said he, hesitating and half apologetically, "that for the last five years, since our trouble be-

gan, I have been employing my spare time in a little amusement when I have very rigidly kept secret from my friends. I have been writing stories. During these periods when my wife and I were estranged and neither of us would humble ourselves enough to make the first approaches, I have withdrawn from home, and, taking up my quarters in a hotel, have amused myself evenings writing fiction. This has been my pastime, as other men drive horses or seek the billiard table. My stories have been in print and doubtless you, Mr. Martinot, have read many of them under an assumed name. My wife knew of my little pastime and ridiculed it. When I wrote at home I could only do it in the still hours of the night when she was asleep.

"Last Wednesday morning at the breakfast table my wife, who had been extravagant of late, brought up the subject of a residence uptown. She wanted to be opposite Central Park and to ride with the swells of Fifth avenue. I opposed her and she retorted sharply.

"You will regret this," I said as I rose from the table. "You may regret it sooner than you think. By God," I cried, as the memory of the things she



"I HEARD A VOICE SAY: 'FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, CAN IT BE HE?'"

had said swept over me anew, "I wish I could go away and never see your face again."

"Of course I was sorry for the words as soon as I had said them, and during the day I squared matters with my conscience by sending a basket of flowers to her. I even notified a real estate manager that I was in the market for an uptown residence.

"I was detained that night at my office, and when I reached home the church clock opposite was tolling the hour of 11. I went softly in at the front door, and knowing that my wife would be asleep at that hour I walked through the long hall to a little study situated at the rear end of the hall. Here stood a small writing desk, and here I knew I could be alone for an hour to quiet my mind from the business events of the day and to indulge in my favorite recreation of story writing.

"A plot had come to my mind as I came uptown in the cars, and I resolved to write it while it was fresh. A flatterer letter from a publisher who had accepted my latest story made me resolve to supply him with another as soon as possible.

"This time my wife shall know of my work and be proud of it. I will enter society and court the litterati, while she enjoys herself with the butleresses," I said to myself, smiling, as I dipped my pen in the ink.

"The plot of my story was a singular

one. It was the 'Murder of a Wife.'

"With accuracy I went into each startling detail, and as I wrote down the bloodthirsty words I saw that my anger for my wife was melting away, even as the beauty of the story grew underneath my fingers. When I had finished I saw that I had achieved what would be the greatest work of my life, and that honors would come to me from the public who would read my story.

"When I had laid down my pen I sighed a sigh of relief.

"I could not do that again for \$1,000," I said aloud. "No," I repeated, as I walked through the hall, still intent with the plot, "no, I could not do that again for \$10,000."

"Did you speak, sir?" inquired a woman's voice.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"It is I—Ellen, the cook. I heard somebody walking around, sir, and I came to see who it was."

"All right, Ellen," I said; "it is I. Go back to bed." And Ellen, who sleeps in the basement, went back down the basement stairs.

Sound up the staircase, I threw open the door of my wife's room and stepped inside. A moment later I was pulling the bell frantically and shouting for help.

"There upon the edge of the bed lay my wife, with the blood dripping from her head and heart. She was uncovered, with one arm hanging to the floor. Her countenance was fearfully distorted. She had been cruelly murdered—stabbed in the head and heart. Stabbed to death by the hand of a midnight assassin.

"In a moment the room was filled with frightened servants and I was sending them in every direction—for physicians, policemen, neighbors.

"But there was nothing to be done. She was dead. That much we all saw at a glance. Her head was slashed almost beyond recognition and the hand that had done it was a desperate one.

"I was too dazed that night to consider. But the next day when the inquest was held I saw the awkward position in which I was placed. The coroner, in his search of the premises, came upon the manuscripts lying upon the little table in my writing-room and there, word for word, lay before him the net description of the murder of my wife, just as it was, in my manuscript. If I had killed her before writing I could not have written down a more accurate account of the details.

used for that purpose, for there were blotters upon it.

Scarcely had I written a page when I thought I heard behind me a stealthy step. On the second page I heard it again. This time there were whispers. I listened and heard a voice say, "For the love of God, can it be he?"

I sprang to my feet and turned around.

A loud shriek rose to the ceiling and out upon the hall floor there fell a heavy weight. It was a man and over him bent a woman.

"You scared him almost to death, sir," said she. "I told him that it was only one of them detectives that they are always sending here, but the back of your head looked so much like master's that it scared him most to death."

"Why should that scare him?" I asked.

"Sure sir, I don't know, but lately he has been like, like—"

At this moment the man opened his eyes.

"Forgive me, forgive me," he cried.

"I have dreamed of it day and night, forgive—"

"I will forgive you nothing," said I, "until you confess how your curiosity made you creep up behind your master that night and read what he was writing. Confess how you went upstairs and killed your mistress and robbed her of her jewels; confess how you hid after the others were called and pretended to be asleep; and confess how you have allowed an innocent man to suffer for your crime."

Truly frightened now, the wretch told how he overheard the quarrel on the morning and how he had planned the murder of his mistress. And how and by what dastardly means he had found the very description of the murder before his eyes and had followed it out with awful correctness.—Chicago Chronicle.

## ROUSED THE IRISHMAN'S IRE.

### Jealousy of His Own Prowess Loses Him His Case.

A group of Congressmen were telling stories in the cloakroom of the House the other day. One of them, a lawyer, told this experience:

"In the town where I first began the practice of the law there was an Irishman, Patrick McDonald, whom everyone called Pat. Now, Pat was a good-hearted fellow, but he didn't get along very well with his neighbors.

"There was an easy-going fellow in the same town by the name of Wheelock. He was born in 1840 and his parents named him Harrison. In country towns the people are familiar with one another to the extent that names are abbreviated or paraphrased. Every one knew this man as 'Hat' Wheelock.

"Well, Wheelock and Pat had some words over a horse trade. The language used was more expressive than elegant. According to Pat's version of the affair Hat threatened to break his face. Any way, Pat went before a justice of the peace and made affidavit that he was afraid that Hat would do him bodily injury.

"Hat, of course, was arrested. He got me to defend him. When the case was called Pat took the stand and related the story of how Hat had threatened to injure him. When he was turned over to me for cross-examination I began:

"Now, Mr. McDonald, you say you are afraid of your life?"

"I am, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Then you admit that Mr. Wheelock can whip you, do you?"

"His Irish was up in a flash.

"Not by a d—n sight, sir; I can whip half a dozen like him."

"That's all, your honor," I said to the justice, and he dismissed the case against Wheelock."—Washington Star.

## Brigandage in Italy.

Italy is a land of secret societies formed for the purpose of defeating the ends of justice, and all attempts to root out the evil have been unsuccessful. The Mafia, which has often pursued its victims even across the ocean, has just given another evidence of its vitality in Sicily. The daughter of an Englishman was kidnapped and ransomed for \$20,000 by her father. Four of the conspirators, being dissatisfied with their share of the booty, were "executed"—buried alive—by order of the "council." Chance led to the discovery of their bodies and of some circumstantial evidence which enabled the authorities to make some important arrests. But it is not likely that this will bring about a change.

## Set on Fire by the Waves.

On the western coast of Ireland, at Ballybunion, the sea set fire to the cliffs. For centuries the great Atlantic rollers had been breaking them down and making great fissures in them. In their depths were masses of iron, pyrites and alum. At last the water penetrated to these, and a rapid oxidation took place, which produced a heat fierce enough to set the whole cliff on fire. For weeks the rocks burned like a regular volcano, and great clouds of smoke and vapor rose high in the air.

When a young man proposes to a girl she is usually about as much surprised as a presidential candidate is when he is officially notified of his nomination.

Everyone has something ancestral, if it is nothing more than a disease.

Our best friends are apt to appear bad in amateur theatricals.

## SCIENCE AND INVENTION

The sound of a bell which can be heard 45,000 feet through the water can be heard through the air only 456 feet.

From the 140 pounds of gas tar extracted in cooking a ton of coal over 2,000 distinct shades of aniline dye are made.

A process has recently been perfected by which thin sheets of absolutely transparent celluloid are silvered similarly to the process formerly used on glass.

A determination of Prof. Barnard with the Lick telescope places the diameter of Neptune at 32,000 miles—from 2,000 to 4,000 miles less than is stated in text books.

It is said experiments made recently by scientific men in France have developed a curious and altogether unexpected fact, namely, that certain persons possess a magnetic polarity—that is, they are found to act after the manner of magnets.

There has been a competitive test of fire engines in Philadelphia, in which it was proved that the type with piston had superior advantages over the rotary. The piston engine consumes less coal, does better work and keeps it up longer than the rotary.

A gold-dredging boat, fitted with elaborate machinery, has recently been put to work on the Yuba River, in California. The chain of buckets connected with the boat—the latter being 96 feet long and 23 broad—brings up gravel from the river bottom, and is capable of netting at any depth up to 60 feet. The gravel, sand and mud are passed through screens and over tables, being thoroughly washed with water supplied by a centrifugal pump, and gold in grains so fine as to be invisible to the naked eye is thus recovered. The cost of dredging is said to be only three cents per cubic yard.

Tests have recently been made at the Lighthouse Depot on Staten Island of an electric light beacon which, it is expected, will be set up at some important point on the Atlantic coast. The illumination is furnished by an arc light of 9,000-candle power, but this is refracted by a series of eccentric prismatic segments, so that the light is projected in a parallel beam nine feet in diameter, which is estimated to be of no less than 90,000,000-candle power! Such a light would be visible in a straight line at a distance of 160 miles, but owing to the curvature of the earth the actual distance at which it could be seen would depend on its elevation above the sea.

Charles E. Tripler, of New York, the Scientific American says, has accomplished the economical liquefaction of air in large quantities. He recently sent two and a half gallons of liquid air to Prof. Barker, of the University of Pennsylvania. The latter found that a piece of tin thrust into the intensely cold liquid—311.8 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit—became as brittle as glass, but that copper and platinum were not thus affected. This suggests the proper metals from which vessels intended to contain liquid air should be made. The nitrogen of the air liquefies at a temperature several degrees below the point at which oxygen becomes liquid; consequently when liquid air is allowed to evaporate in an open dish the nitrogen vaporizes first, and what remains is mostly liquid oxygen, which possesses a characteristic blue color. In Mr. Tripler's apparatus the air, after passing through three coils, each colder than the preceding, finally flows from the end of the last coil in a liquid stream.

## The Maine's Men.

Death came out of the black night's deep,  
And steered for a battleship's side;  
But never a man of the sailor clan  
Looked on the Deathman's ride.

The Kansan lad and the Hampshire boy,  
And the boy from Tennessee,  
With never a fear that death was near,  
Swung into eternity.

Nor flag, nor shot, nor battle cry,  
Nor strain of the nation's air,  
Broke into the gloom of the sailor's doom,  
Nor yet a priestly prayer.

There looks a face from far-away home,  
With eye bent on the sea,  
For the Hampshire Jack who'll ne'er come back,  
Or the lad from Tennessee.

Not theirs was the glory of battle,  
No victory crowned the day,  
But a nation weeps that the dark sea  
Keeps  
Her dead beneath the bay,  
—Mexico Two Republics.

## Where Water Is Peddled Like Milk.

In Arizona there is a town where, because of the aridity of the region and the dryness of the climate, water is peddled in the streets like milk and carried from house to house in canvas sacks on the backs of burros or pack mules.

If a snowball is thrown into a crowd of boys, it always hits a sissy.



# THE FORT WRANGEL NEWS. 'TIS SAID ON THE QUIET.

A Grist of the Week's Local News Dished Up for the Special Benefit of Our Readers by News Reporters.

Charlie—"He has a nice family."

The lawyers are complaining of dull times. Poor things.

The berry season opened on Wrangel island last Sunday.

Deputy Marshal Grant has been very busy for a few days.

An Oregon mist prevailed in this city last Thursday forenoon.

Some one please get up an entertainment. Prof. Porter lead the singing.

Bair, the druggist, is kept busy saying ore from the surrounding islands.

A new building has been put up south of Marshall's blacksmith shop on North Front Street.

The Twenty-Five Thousand Club of this city is putting in some good work for Fort Wrangel.

The News' business office has been moved into the marshal's office, north of the court house.

The Al-ki pulled up to the McKinnon wharf last Wednesday evening. She brought up the mail.

Dr. V. McAlpin and Mr. Williams made the News office a pleasant call last Friday evening.

Eleven o'clock at night don't bring darkness in Fort Wrangel at this time of year. We often forget to go to bed.

Mr. Worlock, the jolly agent for the Canadian Development Co. in this city, went to Victoria last Wednesday on the Tartar.

Steamer Discovery landed at the Troup wharf last Thursday. She had a number of passengers on board from the north.

Inspector James Slater gave us a call Friday. He came up on the Rosalie. He appears to be well fed and looks extremely happy.

Harry Day has so far recovered that he was sitting on the veranda of his hotel last Thursday afternoon. Everybody will be glad to see Harry out again.

Dr. Smith was a most welcome caller at the News office last Thursday. The doctor is a fine physician and such an affable gentleman that it is a pleasure to meet him.

The Rosalie steamed up to the Troup wharf last Friday morning. She brought the mail and a number of copies of the Post-Intelligencer of the 25th, which were eagerly read by our people.

Capt. Nightingale has assumed his normal condition of composure. Wait until the Anur comes in, and if she don't dock at the Davidge wharf, the sky will again be turned into that beautiful color.

Mr. and Mrs. Bark and children left for the Klondike last week. They resided in Fort Wrangel for about one year and during their residence here made hosts of friends. The News wishes them abundant success.

Jackson, the blind Indian, is as happy as ever. He is a great worker and more than earns his living. He has some of the musical in his make up and goes along the side walk whistling "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night."

M. Manson, resident agent of the Dunsmuir Coal company, left last Wednesday on the Athenian for Nainaimo, where he will take the stump on behalf of the conservative party. The provincial election will take place next Saturday, after which Mr. Manson will come home.

J. E. Sales returned last Friday from a prospecting trip up the Stikine river. He was gone about two weeks and did not get more than eighty miles away from the city. He said he found an abundance of ore ranging from \$250 to \$400 per ton, but none of a higher grade. Sales admits there are some mosquitoes up the river. His face furnishes ample evidence that he has been living with them.

Administrator Samuel Kohn is after a good many people. He has commenced numerous actions in ejectment. If Kohn gets all the property he is after in this town, he will have the best there is in the city. Besides the case already mentioned in this issue, he has made Harry Day, Duncan McKinnon and wife, P. C. Jensen, Mrs. Harland, Jimmy Scott, Eliza Shoemaker, May Banderan, P. Haught and wife, Sam Bey and Jack Mantle and wife defendants.

A suit in ejectment has recently been commenced by Samuel Kohn, as administrator of the estate of Charles Brown, against Duncan McKinnon and wife, Sam Berg, W. Donald, F. W. Carlson, W. T. Barker, S. Strouse, W. E. Merrell, John Furlong, E. H. Walker, and the Klondike Mining, Trading & Transportation company, limited. The property involved includes the store-room in which Strouse's cigar store is conducted and takes in all the frontage to the Wrangel Drug Co.'s store. It will probably make quite a little law suit. M. J. Cochran and Charles O. Bates of this city represents the plaintiff and they are capable of making a red hot fight. The summons were served last Friday.

A Few Gentle Hints Given to the News Representative that are not Generally Known.

That Capt. Stephens is a great rustler.

That when Elder Kennedy praised the last issue of the News, he hadn't yet seen the write-up on his prayer.

That Cochran got red on the neck while making his speech at the court house last week.

That Grant is getting to be a singer and that his favorite song is: "Barrett, oh! Barrett, come home to me now," etc.

That Jack Collins has behaved remarkably well of late.

That everybody is sorry Sternberg has gone to the Klondike.

That Flesham is losing his old time joviality.

That Bruno Grief is always happy.

That every Alaska town is quiet just now.

That Dr. Campbell positively refuses to lurk the Sir William Gout.

That the News came to stay, railroad or no railroad, good or hard times, sunshine or rain.

That adversity exhibits the metal in a man.

That Roy Cole is the handsomest clerk in the town and as bashful as a girl of thirteen.

Roster Co. H., 14th U. S. Infantry.

The following names includes all the officers and privates that are in the city at the present time.

Eldridge, capt.	Barr, private
Schroell, 1st sergt.	Bennett "
Galvin, sergt.	Bird "
Hopkins "	Bissener "
Stowe "	Bulger "
Cream "	Crampton "
Thompson, corp.	Cream "
Ruff "	Cresap "
Trenger "	Ebersole "
White "	Foster "
Olsen "	Glinn "
Collins "	Griffin "
Archhart, musician	Harle "
Tennant "	Hilliard "
Prince, artificer	Hughes "
Hart, wagon	Humble "
Jensen, private	Kling "
Lipscomb "	Nelson "
McCullum "	Olsen "
Parker "	Ramsey "
Rankin "	Rauhut "
Slonke "	Stallinger "
Syphers "	Sage "
Thompson "	Trentla, 1 "
Trentla, 2d "	Tulley "
Waldren "	Walton "
Weber "	West "
Sanders "	Young "

The NEWS Abroad.

All the way from Fort Wrangel, Alaska, comes a five column, eight-page paper called the News. It is published by A. G. McBride and Fred L. Henshaw, with Charles A. Hopp as business manager. It is very neatly printed, and contains a vast amount of local news, which is presented in a very vivacious and attractive manner. Fort Wrangel has to us assumed a new importance, since we have seen the News, and learned something of the resources by which the town is surrounded. If the residents of Fort Wrangel extend to the News the support to which it seems by reason of its merits to be entitled, Fort Wrangel will quickly assume a prominent place among the cities of the rapidly-growing northwest.—Oakdale (Cal) Leader.

F. L. Henshaw and A. G. McBride have associated themselves together, and will edit and publish the Fort Wrangel, Alaska, News. There is a wonderful combination of ability and energy. We wish them success and believe they will attain it.—Oberlin (Kan.) Herald.

We were more than pleased to receive a personal letter from Hon. Will H. Parry, Comptroller of the city of Seattle, in which some very complimentary allusions were made to the Fort Wrangel News. Mr. Parry is an experienced newspaper man, which makes his opinion of more value. He was city editor of the Post-Intelligencer for years and through his efforts and good judgement, it was made and continued to be a great daily paper while Leigh Hunt was its owner. Mr. Parry was first appointed City Comptroller and afterwards elected by the people and a better and more capable official never held a position of trust.

City Cigar and Tobacco Store

—A full line of—

Books, Stationery and Periodicals.

CANDY.

S. STROUSE, PROP.

Opposite McKinnon's Wharf, Fort Wrangel, No. 208 Front Street.

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WINNIPEG	HELENA
BUTTE	CHICAGO
PHILADELPHIA	WASHINGTON
NEW YORK	BOSTON

AND ALL POINTS EAST AND SOUTH

TIME SCHEDULE.

In Effect February 13th, 1898.

TRAINS LEAVE SEATTLE.

For Spokane, Roseland, St. Paul and the East	4:00 p. m.
For Portland	5:00 a. m. and 4:00 p. m.
*For Olympia	7:30 a. m.
*For Aberdeen	7:30 a. m.
For Tacoma	5:00, 7:30 and 11:00 a. m.; 4:30 and 7:00 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT SEATTLE.

From Spokane, Roseland, St. Paul and the East	7:00 a. m.
From Portland	6:20 and 11:00 p. m.
*From Olympia	6:20 p. m.
*From Aberdeen	6:20 p. m.
From Tacoma	7:00 and 8:00 a. m.; 12:15, 6:20 and 11:30 p. m.

\*Daily except Sunday. All others daily. This card subject to change without notice through tickets to Japan and China via Northern Pacific Steamship Company. For rates, routes and other information call on or address

I. A. NADEAU,  
Gen'l Agent, Seattle.  
City Ticket Office, corner Yesler Way and First Avenue.  
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## Bath Tubs a Specialty

Careful attention  
Given all custom work

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THE

## Fort Wrangel News

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## DUNCAN McKINNON

—DEALER IN—

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Miners' Outfits  
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## FURNISHED ROOMS

BY THE

DAY  
WEEK OR  
MONTH

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This House is Centrally Located,

Being Within One Block of Both City Wharves

HARRY DAY, Manager.

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IS NOTIFIED THAT

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GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, CLOTHING, MACKINAWs,  
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OPPOSITE  
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Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

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Is Better than Money Earned.

SAVE MONEY BY BUYING OF

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